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NOVEMBER 1984  
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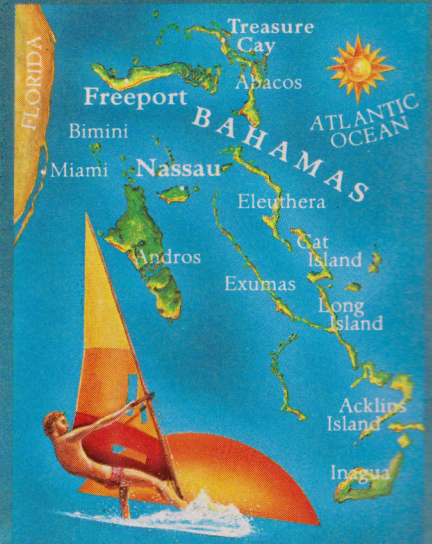


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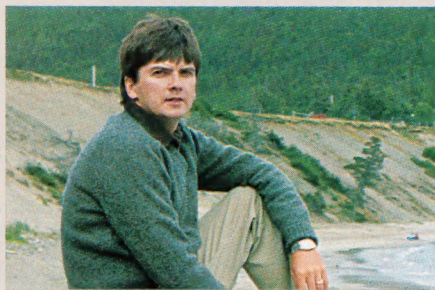
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NOVEMBER 1984

Vol. 6 No. 11



## **COVER STORY**

Newfoundland novelist Kevin Major is certainly not new on the Canadian literary scene. His first two novels picked up at least seven international and national awards. And yet this bright, young talent has had difficulty getting his works accepted by his home province's department of education. Nevertheless, his most recent book, *36 Exposures*, to be published this fall, promises even more acclaim for Major's talent. "This raw and intense novel," says writer Lorri Neilsen, "is probably the best Canadian portrait ever drawn of seventeen-going-on-adult."

**PAGE 26**

COVER PHOTO BY MANNIE BUCHHEIT



## **MARKETING**

Believe it or not, Atlantic Canadian blueberries are now the food of fashion in Japan. The story of how this unassuming fruit hit the big time in oriental markets is as weird as it is fascinating.

**PAGE 30**

## **FEATURES:**

Youth 14

Children's Literature Review 40

Theatre 44

Oceans 53



## **REGIONAL TRAVEL**

Can any city as old and as steeped in tradition as Saint John survive a face-lift? Well, Saint John is more than surviving. It's prospering! And though the city sports a new, revitalized downtown core, it hasn't lost a speck of old world charm.

**PAGE 33**



## **FOOD**

The lowly mussel has always been the poor relation in the clam family. But real seafood connoisseurs know this blue bivalve to be an excellent source of nutrition whose tender meat can be steamed, fried, baked or stewed. And the versatile mussel can substitute for clams or oysters in many recipes.

**PAGE 50**

## **DEPARTMENTS**

Publisher's Letter 3

Feedback 5

Nova Scotia 6

Prince Edward Island 8

New Brunswick 10

Newfoundland and Labrador 13

Ralph Surette's Column 16

Strictly Business 19

Harry Bruce's Column 39

Calendar 56

Folks 58

Ray Guy's Column 60



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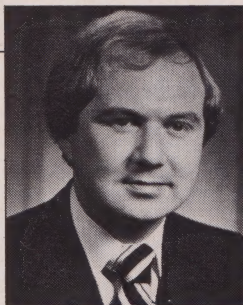


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## Publisher's Letter



### Of pursed lips and closed minds

**K**evin Major, whose "stormy success" is featured in Lorri Neilsen's cover story, is, without question, an important Canadian novelist.

He has spoken for a segment of our society that has not been well represented in the past. In an earlier review of Major's books, Silver Donald Cameron claimed that youthful readers "will find very few books anywhere which speak to their condition with such candor and understanding."

However, it appears that Major's candor, expressly in the language of some of his characters, has brought him to grief in Newfoundland.

Although Major's books have received Canadian and international awards, they are not acceptable to the self-appointed guardians of public school morality in his home province.

The books have not been banned, heaven forbid! They have simply "not been included" in the approved list of books for classroom study in provincial junior and senior high schools.

Banned or not included, the end result is the same. Students in Newfoundland are deprived of the opportunity to view their own lives through the eyes of a sensitive and articulate spokesman. It is to be hoped that the official non-acceptance will lead to greater bookstore sales. It often happens that censorship creates demand.

It could well be that the Newfoundland decision is simply a conflict between reality and the authorities' version of respectability. It could be that those particular authorities are so isolated from students that any communication between the two groups is unlikely. Obviously, they don't speak the same language. At least, not publicly.

Not for one minute do we dispute the fact that the language of many school children is absolutely deplorable. Pass by just about any schoolyard these days, and you'll hear language that would bring a blush to the most hardened tavern-keeper.

The problem is, do you improve the children's language by pretending that it is not as bad as we all know it to be?

Fortunately, we can take some relief by recognizing the fact that a foul mouth doesn't always denote a foul mind. Children use words and expressions they hear their parents and other adults use. And, by gosh, they do use them!

Perhaps the time has come to stop worrying about some of the expletives and scatological and sexual references that flow so freely from the mouths of our babes and teenagers. Let's concern ourselves more with the construction of their sentences and the thought processes that precede those constructions. Perhaps the kids only use those "nasty" words as fillers!

What would happen if school authorities in Newfoundland, and every other province in Canada, got back to more teaching of the basics of language? Or spent a little more time on good old English grammar, and on teaching how the language has evolved and continues to evolve? What would happen if the children's vocabulary could be so enriched that those extraneous references would not be required?

Until that utopian day arrives, let's not condemn a book for a few words and expressions. Let's value a book that has power and an ability to reach and move its audience.

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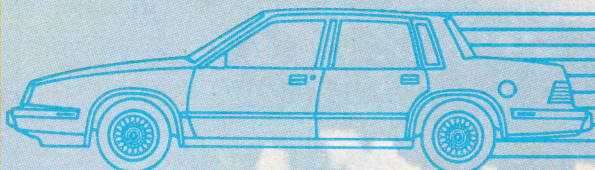
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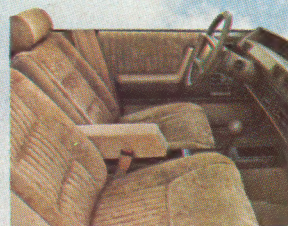
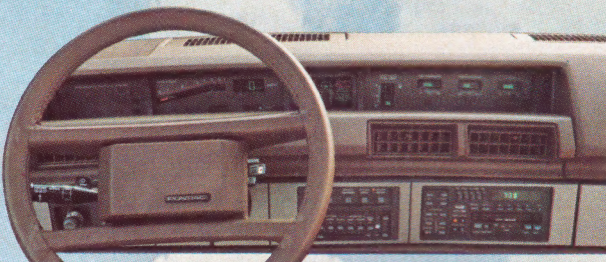
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## FEEDBACK

### Controversy continues

This concerns "The abortion battle goes on — and on," June edition. Dr. Moore's statement that "a foetus is a potential child" contradicts all we ever believed about life in the womb and contradicts ALL modern scientific evidence. The "foetus" is either a human life or it is not and we all know that a pregnant woman has a human life in her womb. Traditionally, when faced with a choice between the mother's or the baby's life, the mother's life has taken priority. A "therapeutic" abortion committee was never needed to decide that question. Why doesn't the good doctor tell it like it is? Most people, including doctors, know that it is a human life in the womb and they know that the mother's life or health is not threatened by the pregnancy. However, some rationalize that the mother is not obligated to support that life and, for social reasons, she may have the life terminated. I pray that the doctors and all of us will ponder more deeply what we are doing. We must hold the sanctity of human life above all else.

*J. MacLellan  
Antigonish, N.S.*

I was amazed to read in your June edition that the self-proclaimed pro-life forces trying to take over the Board of Trustees at the Prince County Hospital in Summerside continue to use the argument that there are no genuine life-threatening situations when abortion ceases to be an option and becomes a life-saving necessity. A few years ago I chose to become pregnant. However, my joy was short-lived when it was discovered that my pregnancy was ectopic, meaning that the developing life was lodged in a Fallopian tube and would never reach my uterus. The tube ruptured, and the foetus, by means of the placenta, established itself in my abdominal cavity where it lived for three weeks that I can only hope were less painful for him than they were for me. In the language of the anti-abortionists, our child was "murdered." I had peritonitis, a leaking appendix and internal bleeding. I saw on ultrasound that the foetus was alive and active, but, as I was dying, there was no chance of the pregnancy continuing. There were only two possible outcomes: one death or two. I have mourned, and still mourn, the loss of my child, but I am grateful that I was in a hospital that permitted the only "choice" that made any sense under the circumstances. Just as we must use education to prevent abortion from being used as merely another form of birth control, the lack of informed and objective Hospital Boards must not be used to condemn women like myself to an early grave. We too have a right to life.

*Margaret Grant*

### Ethnocentric viewpoint deplored

Paulette Urquhart's article about Haiti (June 1984) is a pathetic and infuriating instance of the casual blindness that perpetuates racism in the affluent societies. Images of natives, happy but poor, who "haggle and scream" out of pride while spending a portion of their "less than \$300 U.S. a year" income at market; who "sing lilting, bright songs and double over with hooting, deep-in-the-belly laughs" as they "scratch the barren earth for food" are absolutely inexcusable. The massive ego and ethnocentrism that enables her to attribute greater value to her own safety *as a tourist* than to the lives of people living under the most brutal dictator in the Caribbean is truly horrifying. One fears that, given a chance, Ms. Urquhart would have been fully capable of writing an equally colorful article about Africville if it still existed. You owe your readers an apology.

*Barbara Young  
Robert Holton  
Montreal, Que.*

### Thanks for the memory

I have just read with very fond memories your July issue and in particular Harry Thurston's article "The unelusive glories" of Fundy. My three children and I made an annual trip to Five Islands and Lower Economy to walk the shore and dig clams in the years they were growing up. In reading this vivid description of an area so near and dear to my heart, I could once again hear that sound of the tide coming in, indicating to us that we must gather up pick and shovel and head for shore lest we look behind us and see the water lapping at our heels. Thanks to Harry Thurston, who took me "home" by way of this beautifully written article.

*Joanne E. Ward  
Calgary, Alta.*

### True Atlantic spirit

I have recently returned to Toronto from a vacation in Nova Scotia. While there I had the opportunity to read several back issues of *Atlantic Insight*. I was struck by how well your magazine captures the spirit of the Atlantic people: their spirit, their diversity, their humor. Undoubtedly, it is one of the best magazines I have ever read. I look forward to many more wonderful issues of *Atlantic Insight*.

*Randy Park  
Toronto, Ont.*

### Some lingering praise

Thank you for your supplement on the Parade of Sail. What a wonderful thing you have done on such an unusual occasion. The pictures were terrific.

*Elizabeth Bulley  
Calgary, Alta.*

*(continued on page 48)*

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# Harmless Christians or dark cult? Cape Island's dilemma

*Rumors and media publicity about the new church have driven some of the local citizens to form anti-cult groups and to turn to economic sanctions, even violence. The newcomers remain an enigma to most long-time residents, who are afraid to have personal contact with them*

by Peter Barss

It began with a television documentary last year on a religious sect in Vermont. The photo of a four-year-old girl supposedly abducted by the group was shown, and some residents of Cape Sable Island on the south shore of Nova Scotia recognized her. She and her mother were living with some local "hippies" who had arrived the year before.

The authorities took the girl away and gave her to her father in a blaze of publicity. Overnight, the hippies who had previously attracted only idle curiosity were relabeled dangerous cultists, suspected of sinister practices and seen as a threat to the very fabric of local society.

CBC's *The Journal* brought its cameras to Cape Sable Island and suggested, as it had in the earlier show, that members

of the Northeast Kingdom of God in Vermont, to which the local group was closely linked, were brainwashed by their leaders, and that they systematically beat their children.

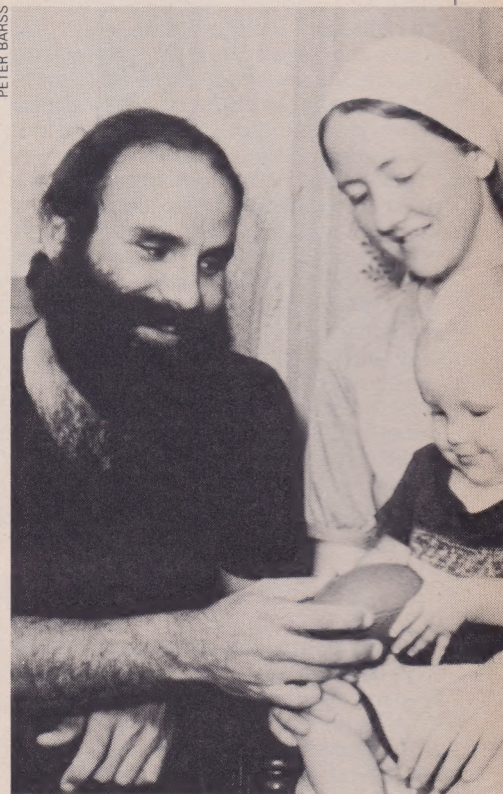
Hostility erupted. There was enough public talk of "torching" the sect's property that extra police were put on patrol Halloween night last year and the fire department placed at the ready. Nothing happened, but the situation smouldered.

The Church of Clark's Harbour — as members of the sect prefer to be called — live in two houses in Clark's Harbour, Cape Sable Island's largest community, and own a boat shop and a dilapidated schoolhouse on the mainland, which they are renovating and plan to use as a restaurant. Church members say their numbers are variable, up to 35. Their oppo-

nents say they number 100.

Church members' lives are based on a literal interpretation of the Bible. "We have forsaken the sins of a wicked society, the kingdom of Satan," says Bob Brooks, a church leader. "Our doctrine is not radical, but in comparison to established de-

PETER BARSS



Three members of the religious group shunned by the local community

nomination, how we carry out our doctrine is radical."

In the aftermath of *The Journal's* reports, a group of worried citizens banded together to "find out all we could about cults." Showings of a film on the mass suicide of the Jim Jones cult in Guyana were arranged, and there was a lecture by Naomi Goss, an ex-member of the Vermont group who was abducted by her parents and "deprogrammed."

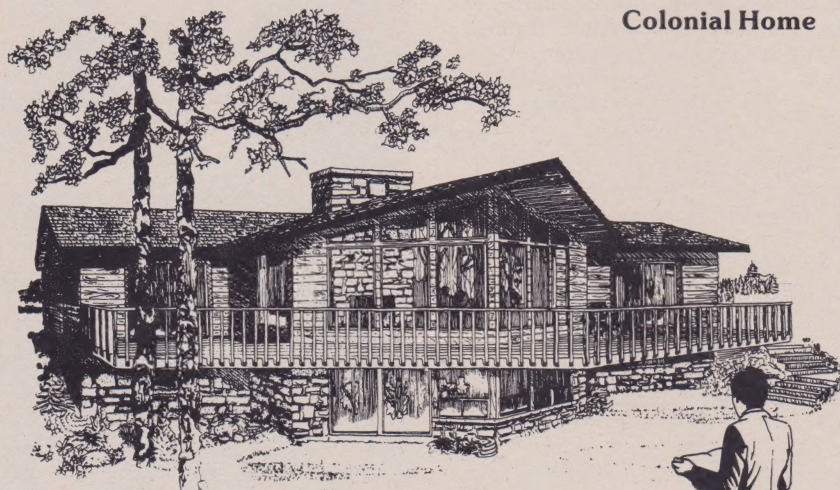
With fear and suspicion in the community growing, members of the Church were denied use of local meeting facilities to explain their point of view. They were refused the high school auditorium because the school board, according to one official, feared the meeting would become "a forum for conversion." The fire hall was off limits because, according to the fire chief, fire department members feared bingo games would be boycotted if the group was allowed to hold a meeting in their hall.

Amid rumors that some three hundred sect members were about to move in from Vermont, an attempt by the group to buy an abandoned hotel in Clark's Harbour was blocked.

The hotel affair spurred the creation of a formal citizens' group — intent on

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blocking expansion of the Church.

"We have approached area real estate agents and asked them to make sales to cult members as difficult as possible. There has been no lack of cooperation. They have a sense of community," said Kent Blades, chairman of the citizens' group.

The group claims wide support in the community. But some of its actions have generated deep divisions in this community, which may lack in tolerance, but has a streak of stubborn independence. Some residents reacted bitterly to a quarter page ad placed in the local weekly newspaper by the citizens' group. The ad threatened to "publish the names and addresses of those who, henceforth, engage the cult group to do work or sell property to them."

"We've got the Ku Klux Klan here. That ad was a pretty low damn dirty trick. They wouldn't want to print my name because I'd haul the windpipe out of every one of them," said one fisherman, a life-long resident.

Reacting to the antagonisms, Church leaders have issued a standing invitation for anyone from the community to visit their homes to "see our lives."

But the judgments formed in the community appear unshakeable. On a muggy evening late in August, 30 anxious men and women trudged up the stairs to the hall at the Clark's Harbour Fire Department to hear Blades and June Smith, secretary of the group, repeat their opinions that the sect is capable of subverting families and the religious and economic values of their community.

The only solution to the crisis, the two leaders say, is to employ legally acceptable means to create a climate so "inhospitable" that Church members will pull up stakes and leave. "We are sitting on a powder keg — people can only be pushed so far before they take things into their own hands," Smith told the audience.

Some Church members have already been physically assaulted on the streets and, at least once, in one of their homes. Windows have been smashed out of their houses and their cars.

Brian Hair was one of only two people at the meeting who had visited Church members in their homes. Like other members of the citizens' group, he is troubled by the overwhelming number of media reports that accuse the Northeast Kingdom in Vermont of mind control and child abuse. But he is also struck by the warmth and friendliness shown to him by the Church members who have settled in his community.

He wants more hard evidence before drawing conclusions. "All of your actions have been based on second- and third-hand information. I find that scary," he told the group. He suggested that more of them should visit the Church of Clark's Harbour.

Kent Blades' reply typified the feelings of most of those present. "I feel I have a legitimate fear for not going there — the fear of the unknown."



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# Saving the Island's trees

*The preservation of the East Royalty red oaks is a good example of how environmental groups are working in concert with the provincial government to protect the natural wealth of P.E.I.*

by Bill Ledwell  
**W**hen Joni Mitchell sang in the sixties about environmental issues — “they paved paradise to put up a parking lot,” and then “took all the trees and put them in a tree museum” — she was right in tune with concerns today expressed by the Natural History Society of Prince Edward Island, and the Island Nature Trust.

These two groups are small in number but comprised of vocal and concerned volunteers. They have made it their business to identify threatened natural areas and to work to preserve and protect such things as sand dunes, heritage buildings, natural woodland areas, soil, green belts, waterways, and bird and animal life.

The story of the red oaks of East Royalty provides a good example of concerned citizens in action. This 10-hectare woodlot is the largest and best stand of red oak left on the Island. It had a couple of narrow escapes from the chain saw in recent years, but survived because of the persistent efforts of the Natural History Society and the Island Nature Trust.

Located on the eastern outskirts of Charlottetown, the East Royalty woodlot was first coveted by a shopping mall developer, later by a group seeking the land for a housing development. But the natural history and nature trust groups stepped in and saved the trees by persuading the provincial government to purchase the property in 1982 and to hand it over to the nature trust group for management and preservation. It is now open to the public, and nature lovers can stroll through its paths and gaze at sturdy oaks that range from 150 to 300 years old.

Dr. Ian MacQuarrie, a biologist on staff at the University of P.E.I. and a strong voice in environmental affairs for more than a decade, says red oaks abounded on the Island until the middle of the 19th century, when they were almost wiped out in the search for firewood and for timber for the shipbuilding trade. MacQuarrie says the oak stand is important and was given a high priority rating several years ago by a UPEI study that identified natural sites to be protected.

“The oak grove is important as a source of seedlings,” MacQuarrie says, “but it is also a reminder of our past because of those old oak trees that are so tall, slim, and straight. The place is quite like a park, and a nice place to take an afternoon stroll.”

Diane Griffin, an Island native, recently returned home after spending seven

years as co-ordinator of Alberta's natural areas program. She has been hired by the Island Nature Trust to compile an inventory of woodland natural areas in the province. This will involve listing trees and plants in selected areas, noting their age and condition, and making management recommendations on how to preserve them.

Dan McAskill, a professional forester working for the provincial government and president of the Island Nature Trust, says the tasks of the organization include working with private woodland owners,



Griffin: compiling a woodland inventory

promoting public awareness of woodland resources, coming to terms with developers who may be interested in clearing woodlands, and working with the increased demands from wood harvesters who are interested in cutting lumber or in supplying fuel for the growing number of wood stoves in Island homes.

Increasing awareness of the value of woodland natural areas, sand dunes, and other natural environment sites and making moves to preserve and protect them are complicated on P.E.I. by the fact that 90 percent of the land is privately owned. This means groups such as the Island Nature Trust have to work with private land-

owners or find some means to acquire areas that hold particular interest for naturalists.

The East Royalty red oaks site was acquired by the provincial government, and the Island Nature Trust has entered into an agreement with the province for a long-term lease on Deroche Pond, in the Blooming Point area. As important areas are identified in future, the trust will either work out satisfactory arrangements with private owners or enter into leasing deals with the province, should the province choose to buy.

Diane Griffin says the work being done on P.E.I. by the nature trust group is important, and almost unique. “British Columbia has a program in operation that is much the same as we have on the Island, but ours is very active and unique in that concerned citizens are working in close harmony with government to protect what we have.” Some other provinces have government policy in this area, but it is often left dormant because there are no public agencies at work to prod governments to take action, like the work being done on P.E.I. by its environmental organizations.

The Island Nature Trust was established five years ago as a non-profit, charitable organization, governed by a 16-member council. Its 85 active members are devoted to the protection and management of natural areas on P.E.I., using a three-pronged approach: acquisition of lands, agreement with existing landowners, and donations from individuals. It includes representation from the P.E.I. Heritage and Museum Foundation, the Natural History Society, and the UPEI biology department. One of its present projects is a series of public hearings to consider implementation of zoning regulations that would help protect natural areas.

The Natural History Society, according to president Geoff Hogan, is more involved with public education on environmental concerns, and acts with the nature trust as a pressure group. Hogan says public awareness has improved, “but there is always something surfacing, and we have to keep on top of things because the Island is so small, it can't afford many environmental mistakes.”

Dr. MacQuarrie says public interest in issues such as acid rain, land management, and deforestation and soil erosion has increased, but he laments lack of concern and action by farmers in the case of soil erosion, and believes there exists a need to provide more education for today's “urbanized” children so they can better understand humanity's relationship with the land.

“We've lost that relationship, and the basic knowledge about how food is produced,” notes Dr. MacQuarrie. “The question now is: Where can I get it cheaper?”

RICHARD FURLONG



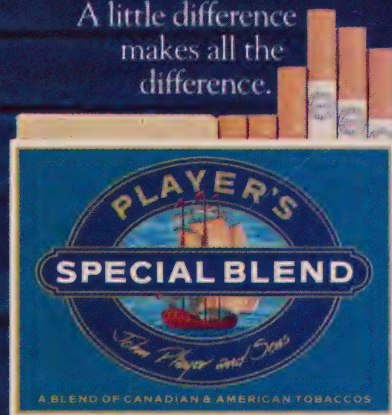


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# The Acadian flag creates a bicultural flap

*The bicultural issue bubbles up again as the legislature decides to fly the Acadian flag over provincial facilities*

by Dick Wilbur

**S**ome New Brunswickers would like to forget they belong to Canada's only officially bilingual and bicultural province. Older English-speaking citizens feel that Premier Richard Hatfield, aided by generous funding from Ottawa, has

caved in to what they see as a well-organized Acadian lobby.

They point to the Hatfield government's decision to build French cultural centres (really well-equipped schools) in two areas still predominantly English-speaking — Saint John and Newcastle —

and to the \$4 million trust fund for a French language daily to replace *L'Évangéline*, which folded in September 1982.

The most recent flap was the legislature's unanimous support for Liberal MLA Pierre Godin's motion to fly the Acadian flag (100 years old this year) alongside the other flags atop the assembly building and other provincial facilities. It was Premier Hatfield who amended the motion by suggesting that rather than flying for one year, it should be flown permanently "where deemed appropriate."

Eldon Buchanan of Sussex, Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Association of New Brunswick, traditionally the main source of anti-French feeling in the province, did not object to Godin's original motion, but he says that Premier Hatfield "really went overboard this time" with his amendment.

Former Fredericton councillor Len Poore decided the flag was the last straw and created an organization, The New Brunswick Association of English-Speaking Canadians, dedicated to the "preservation of the English language, culture and heritage."

By June, Poore's organization claimed 14,000 members. Most were from the Fredericton area, but Moncton and Saint John also formed branches, as did the anglophone counties of Charlotte and Carleton. Their slogan, "United We Stand," underscored a desire for a common voice to match the well-organized Acadian lobbies.

An English backlash, however, was gathering before the flag started flying, primarily over government spending. The New Brunswick Bicentennial Commission, established to coordinate the province's year-long birthday celebrations, for example, showed the advantages Acadians had when it came to getting government grants. Local Acadian groups were first off the mark with grant applications. By the time the English got their act together, the bicentennial pot was nearly empty.

Actually, the "Bicentennial bash" disbursed a mere pittance compared to the flood of federal money dumped into French New Brunswick through various regional development programs over the past 25 years. These programs failed to transform the resource-based economy of the northeastern counties, but they did provide modern schools, hospitals and highways for what was once New Brunswick's, and perhaps eastern Canada's, poorest area.

From 1972 until his senate appointment this year, Romeo LeBlanc, acting mostly in his capacity as Minister of Fisheries and Oceans, controlled federal Liberal patronage for all of New Brunswick.



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Most of it went to the Acadian shore for such things as a fisheries museum at Ship-pegan, an Acadian Historic Village, offices in Moncton for a new Gulf fisheries region, and a regional centre in Bathurst for the Unemployment Insurance Commission. It was this 12-year spending binge that tended to aggravate some English New Brunswickers in the south.

Meanwhile, in the old Loyalist town of Fredericton, where the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire (IODE) was born in 1900, the increased Acadian influence

January 1984 report, out of 48 deputy ministers in 1983, only 11 were francophone, compared to 15 out of 44 deputies a year earlier. Out of a total of 9,247 on the provincial payroll, 69.8 percent were anglophone. According to Aurele Theriault, director of the New Brunswick Society of Acadians, "there are some departments where it is practically impossible, even unthinkable, to work in French." Yet French-speaking citizens form 35 percent of the population.

Nevertheless, the belief persists among many English citizens, including Tory back-bencher David Bishop, that the unilingual English are losing out to bilingual French in the fight for government jobs.

The older anglophones (and how they

hate that term) are the most incensed at the rise of French-speaking New Brunswick. These citizens form the backbone of the Orange Lodges and the IODE. The younger generation feels less threatened by the rise of Acadian influence in politics — many are successful graduates of the widely supported French-immersion programs in the schools. Oddly, the French lobbying groups suffer from the same age imbalance. And they are not attracting younger Acadians.

These trends indicate that time is on the side of linguistic harmony in New Brunswick, despite the current evidence of increasing fractiousness between at least some French and some English.



NOSNHOE NOG

Flap over flags: old rancors emerge

came as a shock to some. In the legislature, two cabinet ministers stood out: Acadian Jean Gauvin, minister of Fisheries, and Jean-Maurice Simard (actually of Quebecois, rather than Acadian, origins), onetime chairman of the Treasury Board and most recently co-chairman of a government reorganization study.

Gauvin has earned the dubious title of biggest cabinet spender next to the premier. Last year his expense account was over \$50,000. He's been known to run up a \$350 lunch bill for four and his bill for sending out Christmas cards was over \$7,000. Despite Liberal opposition demands, Hatfield has refused to curb this kind of excess. Simard is best known for his quick temper and blunt speech. He has been Hatfield's spokesman on Acadian issues and at times appears to be "the power behind the throne" during the premier's frequent and prolonged absences from public view.

The view of French New Brunswick as a monolith, of course, is largely a myth. Rarely do Acadians present a united front. There's a constant north-south rivalry, for instance, as demonstrated right now by the bitter wrangle between the government-backed Moncton group and a Caraquet syndicate over control of the successor to the defunct daily newspaper, *L'Evangeline*.

Neither do Acadians dominate the provincial civil service. According to a

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# Getting to the bottom of a distressing health problem

*Newfoundland's rate of cardiovascular disease is significantly higher than elsewhere in Canada. Medical experts suggest that the province's diet may be both the cause and the potential cure*

by Pat Roche

**W**hy is the rate of high blood pressure and heart disease so high in some parts of Newfoundland? The question has concerned medical researchers in the province since the late 1960s. Newfoundland's annual mortality rate from heart and blood vessel diseases is about 30 percent higher than the national average. And since at least 1965, the annual mortality rate (from all causes) has been 35 to 60 percent higher on the east coast of the island than on the west coast, a study by Memorial University's school of medicine in St. John's has found.

Not surprisingly, a more recent study found that school children on the east coast are more likely to develop coronary artery disease than children on the west coast. Conducted by Dr. Christofer Balam of Memorial's school of medicine, the three-year study involved about 1,200 young people, aged eight to 10 years and 14 to 16. (Due to the physiological changes that accompany the onset of puberty, 11 to 13 year olds were not included.) All lived in the area of either Carbonear or Stephenville.

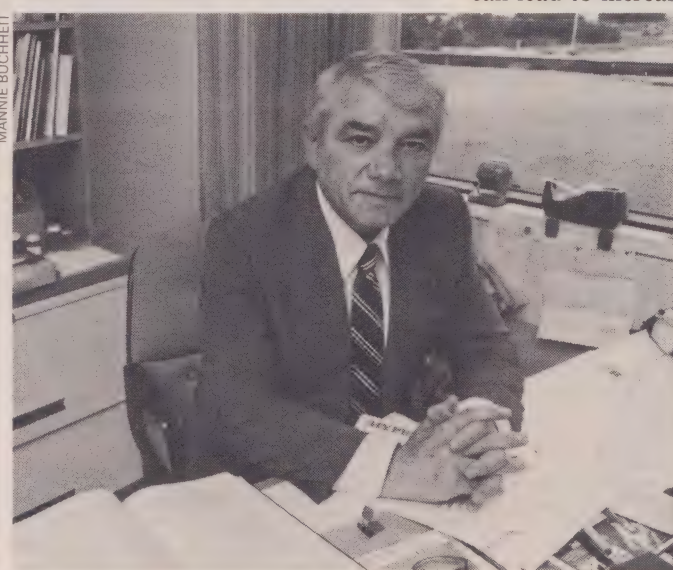
The east coast (Carbonear area) children had higher blood pressure levels and more frequently were overweight. As well, 47 percent of the girls and 51 percent of the boys in the Carbonear area were smokers, compared with 27 and 41 percent in Stephenville.

High cholesterol, smoking and high blood pressure are considered heart disease risk factors — habits or abnormalities that dramatically increase a person's susceptibility to heart disease. Of the three factors, hypertension is probably the most mysterious, and it's particularly prevalent in Newfoundland. An estimated 20 to 25 percent of Newfoundland's adult population suffers from sustained high blood pressure, compared with 10 percent across Canada.

That some Newfoundland communities have an unusually high rate of hypertension was first shown by a 1967 survey directed by Dr. Ian Rusted of Memorial's school of medicine. Blood pressure readings were obtained from about 1,500 adults in four widely separated communities. Included were the three coastal fishing villages of Fogo, Ramea and Bay de Verde and the inland logging town of Badger.

Though well above the Canadian average, the hypertension rate in Badger was the lowest of the four communities. Fogo, on the other hand, had the highest rate. A follow-up survey of dietary habits in the same communities found that Fogo had the highest intake of sodium (which includes salt, or sodium chloride) and Badger had the lowest.

So, does this type of correlation prove that salt causes hypertension? Not necessarily, says Dr. George Fodor of Memorial's medical school. Now chair-



Dr. Fodor: One "problem is a much lower potassium intake"

man of the Atlantic Canada Hypertension Working Group, Dr. Fodor has been involved in hypertension research in Newfoundland since he took part in the 1967 blood pressure survey.

Dr. Fodor states that in certain native tribes in the Pacific islands, Africa and South America, where very little salt is eaten, there is no hypertension. "There is not even an increase in blood pressure with age." And in places where salt intake is very high, such as Portugal and parts of Japan, the frequency of hypertension is much greater. The snag, Dr. Fodor says, is that the correlation that exists between populations does not apply to individuals. Some people may eat huge amounts of salt and never get hypertension.

In experiments, rats not given salt don't get hypertension. But only some of the rats that are given salt become

hypertensive. Similarly, "some people can eat all the salt they want and they will not have hypertension," Dr. Fodor says. But "this does not deny the effect of salt on hypertension."

In any case, the salt intake in Newfoundland is not much higher than elsewhere in North America, Dr. Fodor and his colleagues have found. "But what seems to be a problem is a much lower potassium intake." Found in fresh fruit and vegetables, the mineral potassium may, some experts believe, mitigate the effect of a salty diet by reducing blood pressure. Surveys have shown that blacks in the southern United States also consume a low-potassium, high-sodium diet. The rate of hypertension among black Americans is about twice that of white Americans.

"It's a socio-economic, not a racial, factor," Dr. Fodor explains. "A high-potassium diet is an expensive diet."

Experiments have shown that a very high salt intake over even a few days can lead to increased blood pressure in

healthy young men if their potassium intake is low. But if their potassium intake is high, their blood pressure remains normal.

Can hypertension be avoided by throwing out the salt shaker and eating more lettuce? Probably not. Newfoundland government nutritionist Eleanor Swanson points out that many high-sodium foods don't taste salty. Whose palate could tell him that a bowl of corn flakes contains

more sodium than a bag of potato chips?

One way to reduce sodium intake, Swanson suggests, is eating foods in their least-processed form. Fresh green peas, for instance, are high in potassium but contain hardly any sodium. Frozen green peas contain about the same amount of each mineral. And canned green peas — the Newfoundland favorite — are very high in sodium and very low in potassium.

Swanson says the degree and manner of cooking is also important. A baked potato is high in potassium. But the traditional Newfoundland practice of boiling removes the mineral, as does mashing, by breaking down the cellular structure. What it all boils down to, the nutritionist says, is "foods as nature made them tend to be more suited to the needs of the human body."





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### Camp Argonaut on parade

*Military drill and wilderness survival may not be everyone's idea of fun, but these young cadets just keep coming back for more*

by Jennifer Henderson

**I**t's graduation day at Camp Argonaut. After six weeks of training deep in the New Brunswick bush, 700 army cadets from the four Atlantic Provinces are spit-and-polished to regulation standard as they strut their stuff before the reviewing stand. Although the sky is sullen and overcast over CFB Gagetown, where the camp is held every summer, the rain holds off as though even the clouds were standing at attention.

The voice of the cadet parade commander cracks as he yells orders to his peers — teenagers between 13 and 18 years old. In the front row, a female cadet deftly adjusts her bra strap between manoeuvres. Back at barracks, three hours of drill and marching bands later, the same troops are packing their bags. Some are crying their eyes out at having to break camp and leave their newfound friends.

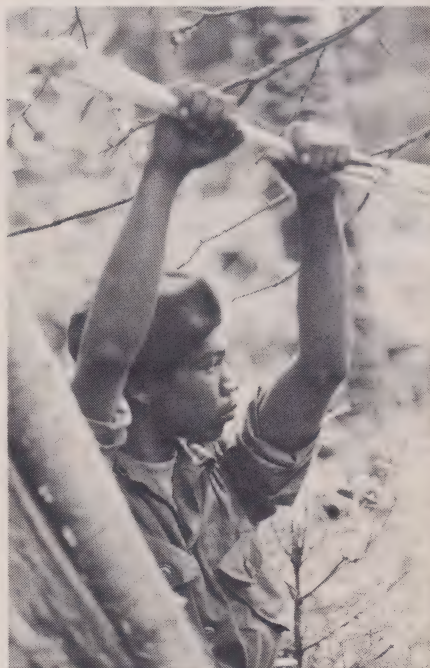
The tears aren't exactly in the hard-rock tradition of the military, but Major Tom McGrath, the camp's chief instructor and a math teacher at Gonzaga High, St. John's, doesn't mind. He's more interested in developing leaders and good citizens than "little soldiers," he says, although the camp's public image as a nest of conservative, brush-cut militarism is hard to shake.

Cadets at Camp Argonaut can choose instruction in everything from first aid, music, and sports to hunting safety and wilderness survival — yet it was only a few years ago that a news crew accused the cadet camp of "training kids to kill," when a reporter

discovered cadets practising to become crack shots.

Despite the bad press, the good training paid off. In the past two years, cadets from Camp Argonaut have been part of the Canadian Army cadet team that won the Commonwealth target-shooting competition at Bisley, England. Prince Philip has sent congratulations to the camp for its program, in which more than 1000 cadets are trained each summer.

One of the more intriguing aspects of



Cadet Blair Skinner of New Glasgow, N.S.

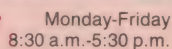




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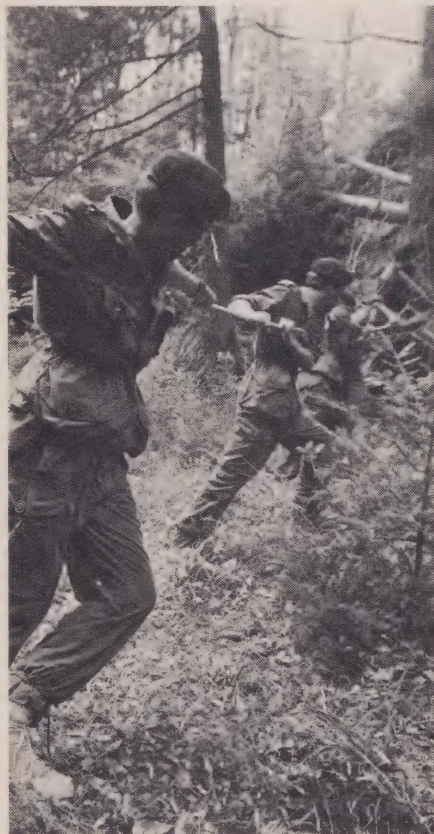
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Above: Rigging a bridge for stretchers in a mock rescue; Below: Sharpening the aim

Camp Argonaut is that it's a kind of Newfoundland colony in the middle of New Brunswick. Almost half of the region's 77 cadet corps, including one from the School for the Deaf in St. John's, are in Newfoundland. In many outposts and rural areas of Newfoundland, cadets is the only organization for kids to join.

Each cadet corps is allowed to send a percentage of cadets based on the size of the corps. In the larger companies, there is competition to get to camp. When the "two-weekies" are added — the 13- and 14-year-olds at their first camp, who stay only two weeks — there are about 700 in the mess hall for food fights and meals.

Homesickness hits new cadets their first few days. But once they've set up their first "hoochie" (a poncho-style pup tent affair) and slept out under the stars,

it's these "TWITS" (two-weekies-in-training) who make the most fuss about leaving.

One veteran of two summer camps, 16-year-old Shawn Whiteway of Goose Bay, Labrador, felt he earned his right to return for a second year after surviving the six-week wilderness training course. "It's hard," he said, "but worth it . . . if you don't mind getting wet, tired and dirty."

A six-day, 200-kilometre canoe trip down the Saint John River had Corporal Whiteway up before 5 a.m. and portaging his craft around the Mactaquac hydroelectric dam in the rain. But this trip, and the early-morning drills, were just a warm-up for a more rigorous three-day solo in the bush.

With his bootlace, Whiteway managed to snare "a tough, but tasty rabbit." This was to supplement his rations — deliberately enough for only two meals. Other cadets caught frogs and boiled their legs for a wilderness supper of "froggie McNuggets," and Shawn's friend Brophy started to chase a moose into the lake with his machete before succumbing to second thoughts.

For cadets who think there's no life like it and who are able to complete their six-week training, the Department of National Defence pays the whole shot and provides a \$240 training bonus. The money comes in handy — there are movies and a dance every Saturday night with sound system, videos and everything. The ratio is one female cadet to every three males.

Cadets 16 and older are allowed to smoke, although cigarettes must be bought in the nearest town, Oromocto. Drinking is strictly verboten.

About 50 kids did get sent home this summer — some because they either wouldn't obey orders or because they had what's generally referred to as "an attitude problem." But the majority were just homesick — making beds and washing and ironing your own clothes makes mom look pretty good.

Then there were the casualties, victims of the furious competition to have the best soccer team, the shiniest shoes, the snappiest salute. After one particularly violent soccer match for a sports award called the Golden Fleece, the score at the medical tent was seven injured.

Competition for awards and recognition flourishes between companies — teams of approximately 100 cadets distinguished by color-coded T-shirts — between smaller units called platoons, and between individual cadets.

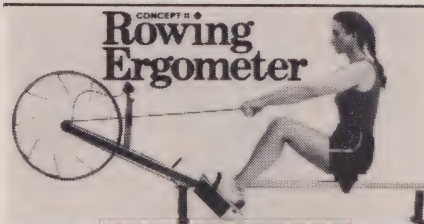
The officers believe the rough stuff on the soccer field and a rigid posture on parade square instills discipline and builds character. Few Camp Argonaut grads would dispute that.

Nonetheless, even after six weeks of tough character-building, the soft spot shows when it comes time to break rank with their friends. When it comes time for saying goodbye, cadets are human too.

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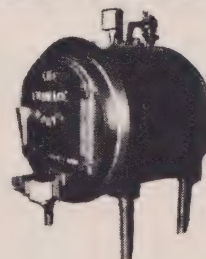


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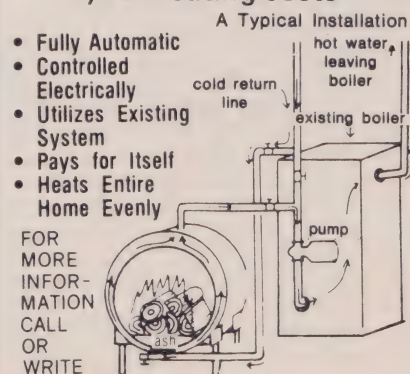
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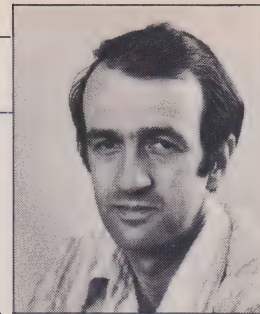
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# Why Ottawa is afraid to say it wants a nuclear freeze



**T**he obscurities and evasions of the federal election campaign are deservedly long-forgotten by most people by now, but there's one particular piece of obfuscation that's worth remembering.

You'll recall that a poll in August showed 85 percent of Canadians in favor of a freeze in the production of nuclear arms. This is not government policy and so things got sticky for the governing party when several cabinet ministers and assorted other heavies pronounced themselves in favor of such a freeze.

Then prime minister Turner reaffirmed the Canadian stand — no freeze — but lest he look like a warmonger only weeks before an election, he whipped off a letter to Soviet President Konstantin Chernenko calling for peace talks.

Then things got even more gummy. The prime minister's wife declared that she favored a freeze. Asked if her husband did too despite his public pronouncements, she answered, "Of course he does." With nowhere left to hide, John Turner allowed that privately he was for such a freeze, but officially Canada could not endorse it without breaking rank with NATO. And that, of course, was unthinkable.

This raises an interesting, if not downright comical question regarding the formation of public policy. If the prime minister, the prime minister's wife, most of the cabinet and 85 percent of the people favor a policy and it still remains impossible to implement or even consider that policy, how many people must favor it before it becomes possible?

The answer is not funny. It is, essentially, that the American government must favor it before it changes and that the self-afflicted Canadian national will mean nothing at all.

Consider: Recently 14 South Pacific nations, including Australia and New Zealand, declared they would turn their region into a nuclear-free zone in view of the bleak arms-escalation situation. In Europe, the Soviet satellite countries grumbled openly at the deployment of Soviet missiles on their soil and now appear to be more willing to defy the USSR, despite East Germany's recent reversal in approaching the West. In Western Europe, some NATO nations are not half as particular as Canada about the sanctity of NATO's nuclear policy. Holland, a staunch ally in a conventional sense, resisted the deployment of American missiles on its soil.

What's happening is that slowly but

surely the world is resisting the unconscionable superpower brutality — of which both are equally guilty — that lies behind the arms race. With scientists now showing that only a fraction of the superpower arsenals can destroy the earth, and with destruction physically only an hour away at any time, the world community is increasingly perceiving that its salvation lies in opposing the superpowers, not in supporting them.

The new prime minister and most of his cabinet may well support that view "privately." "Officially," of course, the government must toe the NATO line — that is, be blindly obedient to any American escalation no matter how lunatic and dangerous. The point here is

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***"Slowly but surely the world is resisting the unconscionable superpower brutality that lies behind the arms race"***

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that toeing the NATO line is really a ruse — a cover for this country's abiding colonialism. If that excuse were to wear unacceptably thin, there would be another, and another, right down to the political equivalent of a hangnail.


The government does its best to fudge this issue. For frank explanations, one must go to what must be called, in view of the polls, a small minority of militarists. One of the most strident of these voices is the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*. In an editorial August 14, it stated that deterrence of aggression and security in solidarity with the allies is "the backbone of our foreign policy." It stated that these principles "define a fundamentally sane priority — the national equivalent of providing police for our streets and locks on our doors. And *they*

*define what we are, what others expect us to be, in the world"* (italics mine).

Apart from the peculiar need to declare its argument "sane," this statement could not be more clear: we must define ourselves according to what others think. On the most grim and dangerous issue the world has ever faced, and one which involves our own survival, we are to have no voice of our own — only some private thoughts accidentally expressed through indiscretions of the prime minister's wife at election time. We may, of course, be allowed to fill the wastebaskets of the White House and the Kremlin with unheeded, electorally motivated appeals for peace talks. But even that may be a bit rich for our dull blood. Witness the beating Pierre Trudeau took from the right wing during his campaign last winter for five-power peace talks. Here was surely a lackey of the Kremlin, brazenly defying Ronald Reagan. And yet when it came to the crunch, Pierre Trudeau was the same as John Turner and Brian Mulroney. In May, India, Mexico, Sweden, Greece, Tanzania and Argentina called for a halt in the production, testing and deployment of nuclear weapons to stop "the rush towards global suicide." They invited Canada to sign. Pierre Trudeau would not. There was the matter of our membership in NATO.

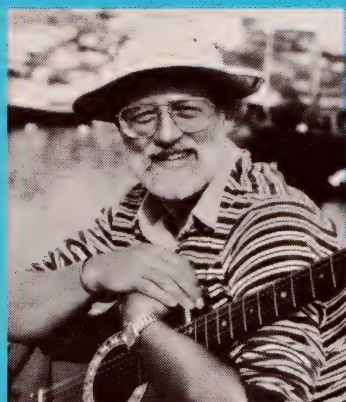
And what is this policy of NATO against which declarations of peace are such a violent trespass? It is the fabled "two-track" policy — more missiles for Europe in the expectation that the Soviets will buckle under and sue for peace? That policy has even now failed grotesquely. Even the most benighted editorialist should be able to see that escalation begets escalation.

As for the government of Canada, if it can't find the courage to speak out against doomsday, what unimaginable force will ever stir it into articulation? Tomorrow — if there is a tomorrow — the world's opprobrium will come down on the superpowers. The result will likely be a nuclear freeze — as world opinion and mutual superpower advantage forced a ban on atmospheric nuclear testing in 1962.

While these forces gather, the government of Canada sits in a corner and sucks its thumb. As a citizen, I find that humiliating. Let this nation do its duty. Even while participating in NATO's conventional defences, let it declare for peace whether NATO likes it or not. 



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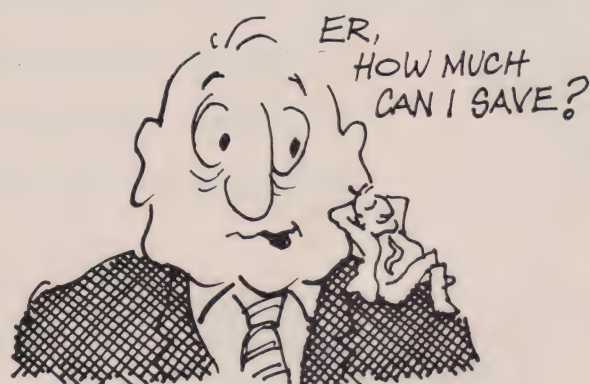
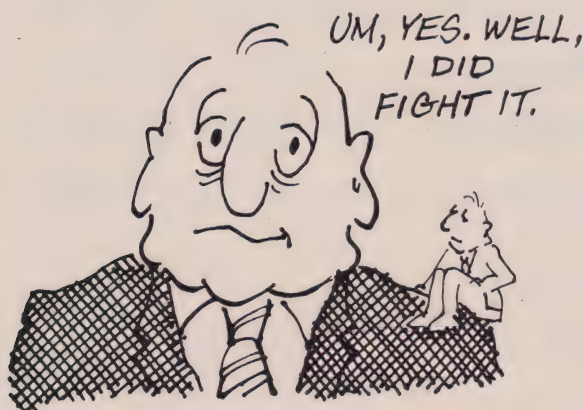
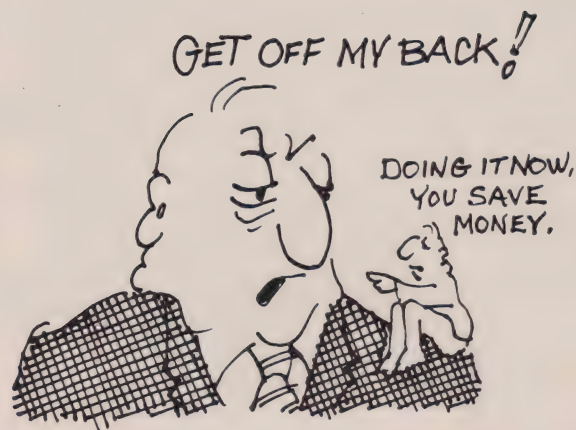
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**Dartmouth's Bob Mills:  
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# Row Bobby, row!

*Bob Mills of Dartmouth's North Star Rowing Club sculled his way to a bronze in the single men's event at the Summer Olympics in Los Angeles — only months after he had been kicked off the Canadian four-man team*

by Alec Bruce

When, last May, after weeks of back-breaking training and disappointing practice times, the coach of the Canadian Olympic quadruple rowing squad quietly told him to pack his bags, Bob Mills of Dartmouth wasn't surprised. He had earned his spot on the closely knit, world-ranked team by defeating long-time team member Bruce Ford in the qualifiers. And he knew the others didn't relish having to break in a new guy just months before the Olympics.

But Mills also believed he wasn't the real problem. "We weren't working as a team, so I quit," he says. "Nobody forced me to quit. I just

didn't want to stay in a boat where I wasn't wanted. The team lost so much training time due to all the infighting — and politics hurt the team's performance at Los Angeles."

In fact, with Bruce Ford back in the boat, the team won a bronze. But, then, so did Bob Mills in the single sculls, a race for which he had all of six weeks to prepare, in an event in which he had rarely finished better than seventh at any international meet and had been consistently 15 seconds off world pace. Maybe he has a point.

"With Ford back, the team should

have buckled down," he says. "They just couldn't seem to concentrate. They really should have won a silver."

Some rowers row with their arms; others with their backs. Bob Mills rows most of all with his guts. He only started competing seriously three years



The Olympic bronze is the most valued medal Bob Mills has won



Mills placed third after only six weeks of preparation

COVER PHOTO BY DON ROBINSON

CITYSTYLE



ago and, at 25, he's one of the oldest in the sport. And at six-foot four and 175 lbs., he occupies that uncomfortable middle ground among rowers: too big for crew boats, and a tad too small for the single scull. It's not that Mills isn't talented — as a member of Canada's quad sculls team at the 1983 Pan-Am Games in Caracas, Venezuela, he won two gold medals. It's just that he doesn't count talent for much when the starting gun goes off.

"From the end of the Canadian qualifiers to the end of the final in Los Angeles, I got five seconds faster," he says. "Five seconds in a few weeks when I'd been rowing competitively for years! You figure it out. It's a

mystery to me."

To Owen Sawler, president of Dartmouth's North Star Rowing Club and Mills' first coach, there's no mystery. "Bob's a very dedicated boy," he says. "He may not have the experience of most of his competitors, but he absolutely thrives on hard work. He works harder in the water than anyone I've ever known."

Actually Mills got interested in the sport in a most uncompetitive way. While watching his uncle Gerald Lethbridge rowing with some friends out on Lake Banook one summer day in 1979, he got the desire to try his hand. Lethbridge introduced him to Sawler, who, at 73, was the un-

disputed dean of Canadian rowing. "I saw great potential in Bob," Sawler recalls. "He was tough, and I liked that right away." That first summer, Mills spent most of his time on the water in a boat with three girls. The following year he moved into a men's four, and began working out in a single scull. He maintained a distinctly low-keyed attitude to the sport until the day he won his first race. That, he believes, was his turning point. "I don't know what happened. I won a race and all of a sudden I didn't want

***"Bob's win puts him in the top ranks of rowing in the world... he could go anywhere"***

anybody to ever beat me again."

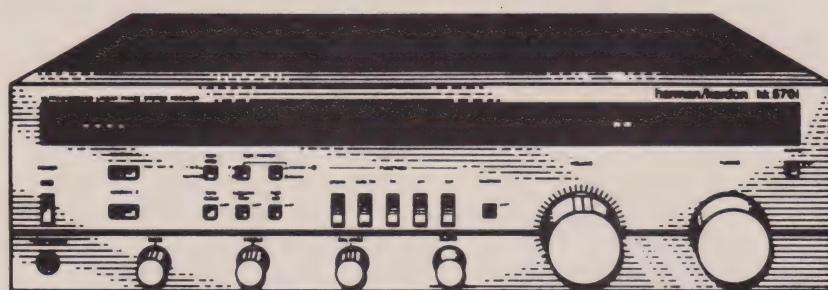
Meanwhile, Sawler realized Mills needed expert coaching and exposure to Canada's best rowers. In 1981, he arranged for Mills to work under Canadian national team coach Jack Nicholson in St. Catherine's, Ont.

"Bob had become a power rower," Sawler explains. "He rowed with his arms and his back. I felt he was a diamond in the rough. He could be fast... very fast. And Nicholson was just the man to make him that way."

But Nicholson was reticent. He had his own protégé in Canadian men's single-sculls champion Pat Walters of Burnaby Lake, B.C., who he expected would again clinch top honors at that year's nationals. Walters retained his crown. But under Nicholson's tutelage, Mills improved steadily. His performance in Caracas and at various national meets earned him a chance to try out for the 1984 Olympic team.

Sawler thinks it ironic that Mills went out for the Olympic quad team and not the single sculls. Mills is a solitary athlete, he says, who performs best when he's depending on no one but himself. Even as a boy, he ignored team sports, developing a taste for weight lifting, downhill skiing, and biking. In the water, his style is to shoot from the line, keep as much water as possible between himself and his competitors, and hang on tight till the finish.

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It was precisely that sense of independence that helped Mills deal with the rejection of being kicked off the quad sculls. "I'd come pretty far, and I didn't want to throw it all away," he says. "There were only two positions left on the team: one was the spare, and the other, the single sculls. I definitely did not want to be the spare."

With a little more than a month before the singles qualifiers, he began working with Nicholson to smooth out his rough edges. Mills' main problem was his endurance and his habit of powering himself to exhaustion by the half-way point. He had to learn to play his races more intelligently, stick with the pack, keep his strength in reserve, and at the right moment exploit his competitors' weaknesses. He drove himself like a demon in training, working 16 hours a day. When he wasn't in the water, he was on his bike racking up thousands of kilometres.

But he faced an obstacle over which he had no control. His main competitor in the singles qualifiers would be five-time Canadian champion Pat Walters. "I knew I was racing Walters and that I'd never beaten him," he says. "I really didn't give myself much of a chance. But I had trained hard, so I didn't let the pressure get to me. I decided I really didn't have much to lose."

That strategy proved successful. He next travelled to Lucerne, Switzerland, to race against the best rowers in the world and confirm his membership on

Canada's Olympic team. He qualified after his first heat, but he wasn't pleased with his performance. "I was still way off the world pace," he says. "Nobody really knew who I was." Still, he suspected he might be reaching his peak and he concentrated on making the finals in Los Angeles.

Mills qualified for the medal race, and on a hot, blustery day in Santa Barbara, California, on the shores of Lake Casidas, Owen Sawler watched his star finish behind Pertti Karppinen of Finland and Peter Kolbe of West Germany to become the first Canadian men's single sculler to win an Olympic medal since anyone can remember.

"I knew he had it in him," Sawler

says. "Bob's win puts him in the top ranks of rowing in the world. With his ability and drive, he could go anywhere."

Mills is a little less enthusiastic. "I sort of surprised myself all the way along. I just wanted to give it my best shot, and it paid off." Though the Canadian rowing establishment thinks he could win a gold at Seoul, South Korea, in 1988, Mills is uncertain about his sporting future. "Much will depend on how my personal life works out," he says.

In any case, the kid from the City of Lakes took on the world in the City of Angels last summer and redefined the word "champion."

C

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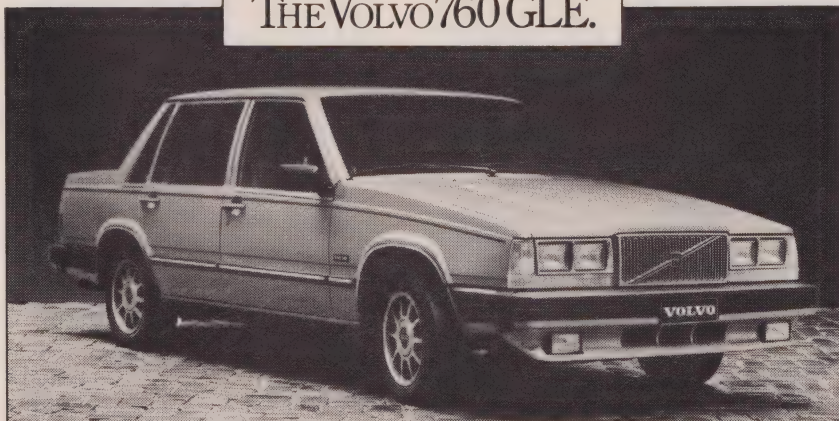
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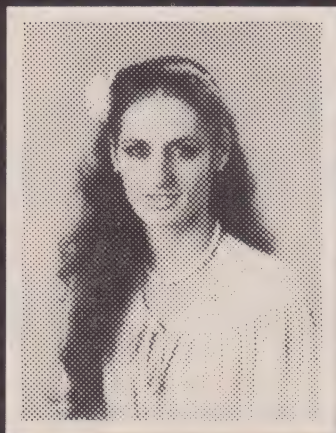
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# Play the hometown game!

The Game of Halifax may not replace Monopoly, but thanks to the auxiliary of the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital, Haligonians now have their very own board game to play

by Denise Brun

If you are a board game fanatic, then such names as Boardwalk, Park Place and Pennsylvania Avenue will immediately clue you in to the identity of that most popular of all board games, *Monopoly*. Now, thanks to the auxiliary of the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children (IWK) in Halifax, Haligonians have their very own game based on this perennial favorite, entitled *The Game of Halifax*.

Gone are the esoteric American names and in their place are such familiar names as Sobeys, Mills Brothers and the Lord Nelson Hotel, to mention just a few of the businesses who have given their support to this endeavor.

The game was brought to the attention of the auxiliary by Lynn Goldbloom, who had been sent a copy of *The Game of Johnstown* by a friend in the States. The potential of the idea was endorsed by the auxiliary, which decided to launch *The Game of Halifax* as their fund-raising project to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the IWK.

The concept is the brainchild of C.P.M. Associates Inc. of Fort Erie, Ontario, who own the patent and market the product in the United States and Canada. According to the President, Charles Marino, the idea for the game was conceived 2½ years ago as a novel approach to fund-raising for non-profit organizations.

What makes the game so appealing as a community project is the fact that it can be modified to fit the needs of a particular city so that the game has a uniquely local slant. What C.P.M. Associates offer the non-profit organizations is the marketing expertise to sell the game. This includes the actual sales approach, the methods of selling advertising and any other general knowledge that may be needed to put the package together. Then it is over to the volunteers to do the actual legwork in their own community.

For volunteers like Jane McCaffrey, a member of the auxiliary of the IWK, it has meant literally months of work to get the project on the road. According to McCaffrey, *The Game of Halifax* has "been in the works since Septem-

ber 1983." In order to launch the game, the volunteers had to first sell advertising space to local businesses whose names would then appear on the playing board. Other sponsors' names figure on the business cards that form part of the game.

As soon as the volunteers have sold all the available advertising, they are ready to have the board customized to suit their own city. They then provide C.P.M. Associates with any historical or significant information pertaining to their city, in the form of pictures or postcards, that they feel would enhance the final product. The marketing experts can then put together a proposed layout for approval by the volunteer organization. The final presentation for *The Game of Halifax* is both colorful and attractive, featuring such local landmarks as Citadel Hill, the old Halifax Town Clock, the bandstand in the Public Gardens, Halifax's Town Crier and, of course, the *Blue-nose*. The IWK is also prominently featured on the lid cover and actual board of the game.

When the auxiliary approached local businesses with this unique marketing venture, they were encouraged by the positive response they received. The first copies of *The Game of Halifax* were distributed, on a limited basis, in the first weeks of August. According to Jane McCaffrey, sales were "super." In fact, by the end of the first week the game had appeared on the market, some stores were already calling the auxiliary for additional supplies. The game has initially been produced in a limited edition of five thousand.

The limited amount of this first run of the game makes it a collector's item. Every aspect of the game reflects some facet of life in Halifax, both past and present. Even the property cards, which each player receives when purchasing real estate in the game, feature historical notes on Halifax on their reverse side. These were written by Louis Collins, a Halifax civic historian.

The project has worked well, both for C.P.M. Associates and for the non-profit organizations, such as the IWK auxiliary, who have taken advantage of the concept to raise funds. Production costs of the game are covered by the advertising space sold to the corporate sponsors; local stores have agreed to carry the game as a gesture of goodwill to the auxiliary; and, thanks to the generous support of volunteers such as Jane McCaffrey, all proceeds from the

game go directly towards furthering the aims of the auxiliary.

Marino attributes the game's success to the fact that it is "a big community type of project" and people's involvement is a reflection of their pride in their own communities.

For the IWK auxiliary, *The Game of Halifax* promises to be another success to chalk up in their already impressive track record of fund-raising in Halifax. Their major annual event is the Kermesse, a craft fair with a variety of attractions, which has become a big drawing card for Haligonians.

Money raised by the auxiliary goes to provide equipment for the hospital, such as toys for the children and microscopes for the O.R., or to any other project that they feel is worthy of support. One of their most impressive

PETER PARSONS



McCaffrey and Goldbloom: another winner

projects to date is the establishment of a Care By Parent Unit that provides facilities for out-of-town parents to stay with their children while the children undergo treatment at the IWK.

Whatever the rationale behind the game's success, the IWK auxiliary has come up with another winner in its fund-raising — but the real winners will be the children of Nova Scotia. **C**



# A gentle man called Moses

*Some say he's a bit eccentric. But Moses Moseley is one of downtown Halifax's living landmarks. And when he waves and whistles hello to you in his big, old overcoat and long, orange scarf, just try **not** to whistle back!*

by Lesley McKee

**I**t's just another dull morning until you hear that familiar and cheery Southern drawl: "Good mornin', good mornin', and who will I sit next to t'is mornin'." On most weekday mornings that voice can be heard above the chatter of commuters taking the No. 11 bus from the Dartmouth Shopping Centre to Halifax.

The voice belongs to a large and very friendly older gentleman who some say is slightly eccentric. He shouts hello and waves to all he sees as if each stranger were an old friend. He's known to everyone as Moses, but his real name is Marshall James Moseley. "My grandpa got the same name I got," he says.

For a man who has

lived through 72 winters, Moses is in great shape. Even though his favorite lunch spot — Zeller's on Barrington Street — has been sold, Moses still remains faithful to Zeller's and travels by bus to the Zeller's lunch counters in the Spryfield and the Bayers Road shopping centres.

But with the closing of the Barrington Street Zeller's, Moses hardly ever saunters up and down his old territory. "I still walk up to visit my friends working in Sally Shop, Fireworks, Carsand-Mosher and the Foreign Affairs office," he says. "And I says to them, 'Wow, I knew I was worried about you and you was worried about me, so I thought I'd better report.'"

Moses has been downtown Halifax's living landmark since 1971. Dressed, come rain, snow, sleet or shine, in his old black coat, long orange scarf and tam, he became famous for his continuous, almost insufferable cheerfulness. "I tried puttin' on a suit one day with one of those break-down hats, you know," he says with a laugh, "but when I got to the door, I says, 'Oh boy, I feel so awkward. Just let me go get dressed up the way I was.'"

He says his Baha'i faith gives him a sunny disposition. "It gives me the double beat in my heart, my love of music, personality, reality, psychology, spiritual equality, goodness, joy, happiness and pride."

Moses was born and brought up in Marshall, Texas. He left his hometown to enter the U.S. Army when he was just a boy. "My daddy had to sign the enlisting papers because I was under-aged," he says.

After a 14-year career as a cook in the army that brought him to Pearl Harbor and Korea, he joined the U.S. Air Force with the rank of sergeant and was stationed in Stephenville, Newfoundland. Twenty years later, the Americans boarded up their air base and Moses joined the Canadian air force and was stationed in Goose Bay, Labrador, for five years.

Moses became a Canadian citizen in 1961. He feels it's the best move he's ever made. He says, "Canadian people are different from Americans. In Canada, people are all one. But the Americans are prejudiced, and you

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don't find that in Canada. At least, I haven't found it yet."

Moses moved to Halifax after retiring from the air force in 1971. He lives in Alderney Manor, a senior citizens apartment complex in Dartmouth.

Moses has views on many subjects, especially marriage. "I never did like marriage. I don't like the word. I've never been in love before, so all women seem the same to me. I love the whole wide world." He has always been a bachelor, but claims, "I'm a real lady's man, I love to flirt."

When Moses joined the Canadian air force after the Americans abandoned their Newfoundland station, Moses bid goodbye to his many service buddies. But he made one particularly special goodbye to a young service woman. For quite some time after she returned to her home in New York City, she and Moses corresponded frequently, until one day she sent him a one-way ticket to New York so they could talk "marriage." Moses says, "I went to see her all right, but it didn't work out 'cause she wanted to marry me right there on the spot, but I wanted five years to think about it."

Moses' life has been filled with music for as long as he can remember. "I learned to play the piano when I was nine months old," he says proudly. "My mother had made some cookies and put them in the stove and came back to the piano holdin' me. When the cookies started burnin', she left me on the keys and I started to bangin'. When she came back, I was playin' the boogie-woogie."

Today Moses has a piano and two guitars, which he plays in his apartment. He says, "I love all music, especially the music from 1890 to 1920. But I play jazz, blues, rock and roll, classical, anything at all. I love to listen to Elvis Presley. I read music and make up my own songs and play them my own way."

"I had my own band once in the 1930s called Moses' Band, but the horn player started playin' in one key and I was playin' in another. He was gettin' the music all balled up, so I fired the whole works. I was the leader, so why should I take all that. We stayed together as a group for not even two months."

From time to time, Moses plays piano and sings at Dinah's Bar, Keddy's Motor Inn, and Ginger's in Halifax. He made his movie debut at Ginger's about two years ago playing piano in the locally produced movie *Ariel View*. He has also appeared on ATV's *Christmas Daddies Show* and CBC TV.

"If people are upset, I get them feelin' okay," he explains. "My job is to make people feel good. After all, I've been through two wars, the Pearl Harbor War and the Korean War. I was makin' them happy over there and I'm still makin' them happy over here." **C**

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# “Take a seat ma’am . . . under the potted plant, if you don’t mind”

*Do restaurants really treat single women more poorly than they treat single men? Does the woman alone naturally get surly waiters, slow service and cold food? One solitary woman diner visited a few Halifax restaurants to find out*

by Susan McPhee

**T**here is a commonly held belief (among women anyway) that when a woman dines alone in public she receives inferior service, even though paying the same amount of money a man pays for good service. Here’s how the story goes:

Upon entering a culinary establishment, lone woman is glowered at by a disapproving maître d’, who then scurries off to dust down the most remote

and lonely table in the room, or to set up one in a direct collision course with both kitchen doors. Table thus booby-trapped, he then summons a minion to escort the victim — er, sorry, guest — to her station while he puts out an all-points bulletin for the worst waiter in the joint to serve guess whom.

The next hour may be the longest of the woman’s life: waiting for the hot soup, which arrives cold — or vice versa; being told while she waits for her main course that the last portion has just been served to the gentleman across the way, who not only came in after her, but put in his order some 15 or 20 minutes after hers had been dispatched!

For years women have been instructed on what they do wrong to wring this incredibly bad behavior out of normally cooperative and pleasant restaurant staff (ahem). Among the words of wisdom to which they are subjected are: Try to appear confident and as though you feel like you belong where you are. (What’s this “try to appear” stuff? Who made the decision to eat out in the first place?)

Does this emotional battering of the lone female diner really happen? Only one way to find out. I did a test run of five Halifax restaurants — mid-range, fairly popular ones: Sanford’s Dining Room, The Henry House, The Newsroom Restaurant, Old Man Morias and Le Bistro.

Of course, to be fair to each establishment, there had to be an advance list of criteria by which to make the judgments. The first criterion was the reaction of the host when I arrived at the restaurant. If his or her face fell, turned to stone or became bright red, and I was whisked off to the worst table in the place, I could assume things were not going well. However, if I was given the same respectful welcome I would expect if I were dining with others or if I were a man, I could believe I was well on my way to having a beautiful evening.

Then came the issue of the table. I didn’t want the “reassurance” of sitting next to the kitchen, where I could hear the rattle of pots and pans indicating that my waiter didn’t have to send out to the nearest greasy spoon to fill my order. No, I would prefer to simply trust my food was prepared on the premises. But neither did I have a deep-seated desire to be on display in the centre of a large and busy dining room, where the noise of the activity around me would detract from the enjoyment of my meal.

I knew right away what I wanted my waiter to be like: someone who would be attentive without being overly solicitous. To be more precise, I wanted to have my meal progress in a leisurely fashion, with pleasant friend-





liness from the waiter — not to be made to feel we were in a race against the clock. Slow, but not too slow; friendly service, but no attempt by my waiter to become my best friend in 15 minutes flat.

So now we have the ground rules, let's proceed. First stop was Sanford's Dining Room, at the Brewery on Hollis Street. I arrived precisely on time for my reservation, and was greeted warmly by the host. She then told me I could choose my own table either inside or in the glassed-in area overlooking the courtyard. I chose a table by



the window and she left me to peruse the menu. Soon after, my waiter appeared. He poured some cold water, offered some of Sanford's delicious rolls and took my order for a glass of white wine. He was soon back with the drink and left me alone a few more minutes to make up my mind, after he had volunteered all the relevant information about daily specials, soups and seafood dishes. Just when I began to feel it was time to get things moving, there he was, pencil poised and ready to go.

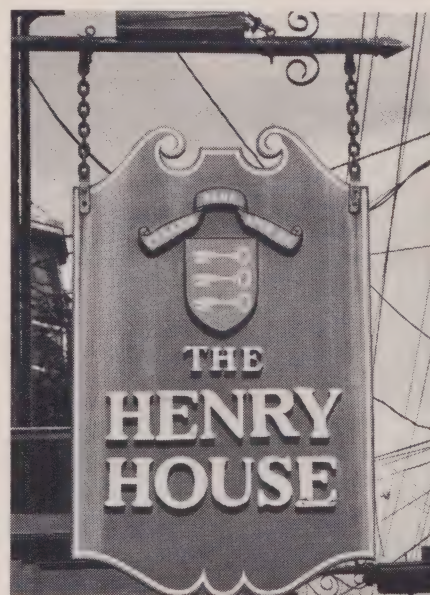
A comfortable interval later, along came the chicken soup — which was fine (maybe a tad salty). The soup was followed by a gargantuan portion of the Seafood Americaine. It was delicious, but unfortunately rather off-putting due to its size. And my waiter was anxious when he noticed that I had only managed to eat about a third of the serving of creamed seafood over noodles, but relieved when I explained it was just simply too much. I declined dessert after the main course and settled for tea, of which I was offered a selection and chose Earl Grey.

The evening was a success. I didn't once feel pressured to hurry and get my solitary self out of there, nor did I want to tell my waiter to get lost and leave me to enjoy my own company.

Next stop: The Henry House. Members of a bus tour were dining when I arrived and the place was packed. The table my friendly but somewhat distracted host gave me wasn't the best available, but not too bad under the circumstances. I was glad I brought a book along that evening because the tour diners were a little noisy and the book helped to distract me.

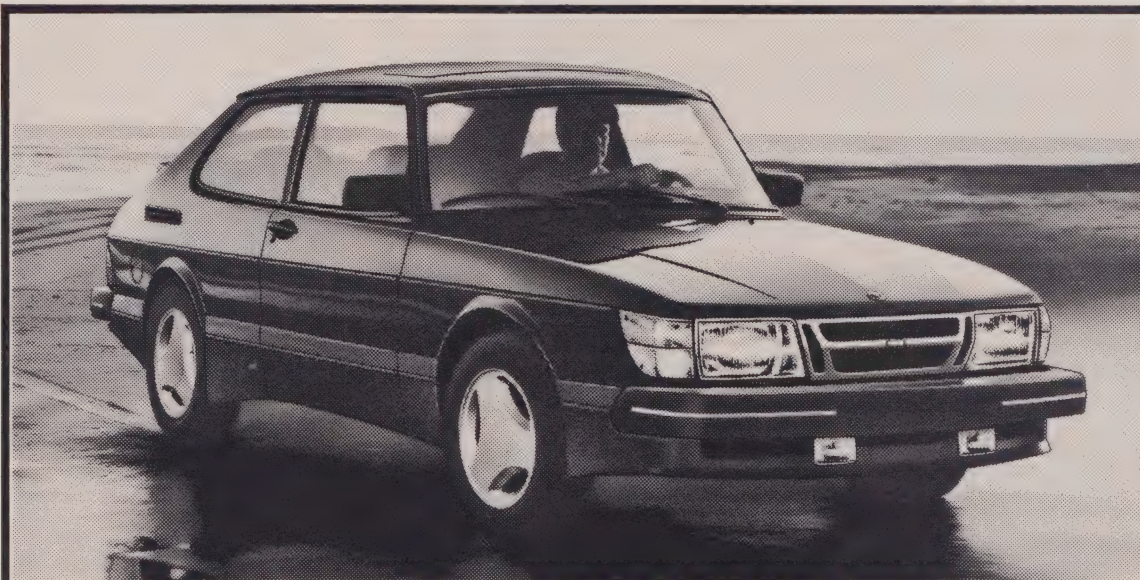
My waiter managed to pay me enough attention to prevent my getting peevisish. But he made one gigantic mistake in recommending the soup of the day, which was a cold creme of asparagus. He made his next mistake when

he didn't notice I'd hardly touched my soup. I wasn't really in very good humor when my catch of the day arrived. I only ate about half of it, a fact that also went unnoticed by my waiter.



PHOTOS BY PETER PARSONS

But if I felt rather inconsequential in The Henry House's scheme of things, I wondered if I was downright invisible at The Newsroom. The host was friendly enough, though I found his conversation a bit confusing. He claimed to be the chef and said he had changed places with the manager for



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the evening. Actually that may have accounted for the quality of the food that night. Anyway, on to the service:

My waiter popped over, took my order for a glass of wine and promptly disappeared. I was getting really worried when he finally drifted by and asked casually over his shoulder if I'd like to order, as though it had just occurred to him that perhaps I was here to eat. It was fortunate he had thought to drop off a basket of bread on one of his journeys past my remote table. At least I had something to nibble on in my endless wait for first the paté and then the chicken and mushroom crêpes.

Fortunately, my next destination



was Old Man Morias. The service, food, timing and treatment were sim-

ply great. I had a warm welcome, nice table in an uncrowded room, friendly service from a woman who urged me to take my time and enjoy myself. I've always admired a chef who can make a squid taste and feel like something other than cooked tractor tires. With the squid I had a truly great Greek country salad of feta, tomato, cucumber, and onion with a delightful dressing. It felt like home — that's service I like.



Finally I went to Le Bistro, where the service was tremendous. No host here, so you pick out your own table. There are very few bad tables at Le Bistro, though the crowding can get a bit annoying at times. My waitress



dropped off my glass of white wine almost immediately after taking my order and told me she'd be right back to take my order. She was true to her word. She did make a small mistake in recommending the pork tenderloin, however. If that piece of pork came from the tenderloin, then a very old pig must have dropped dead after completing the Iron Man contest in Hawaii. But the cream sauce with horseradish was delicious and the accompanying vegetables crisp and fresh.

So my investigation turned up a score of three to two: Three Halifax restaurants gave me warm, considerate

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service; and two may provide the clearest example of what can happen to a poor female venturing out on her own. But just between you and me, this is my theory: As a rule, single women aren't treated any worse by restaurants than single men. It's only that some restaurants are good at what they do, and others don't really understand, or occasionally forget, the virtues of service. Happy dining. **C**

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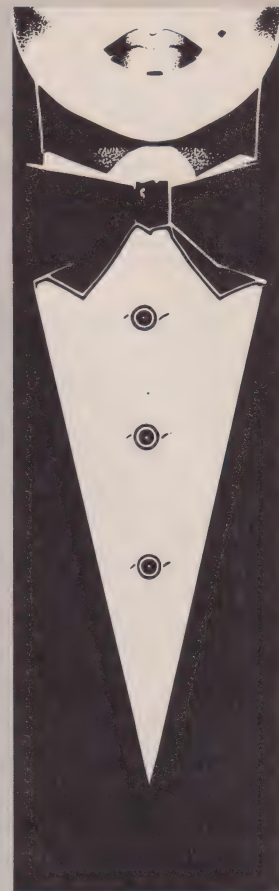
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## ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

**Art Gallery of Nova Scotia.** To Nov. 4, Main Gallery, *From The Heart*. A selection of 297 artifacts organized by the National Museum of Man from the collection of the Museum's Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies. Made possible by the generous assistance of The Allstate Foundation of Canada. This exhibit also found in Mezzanine and Second Floor galleries. Nov. 8-Jan. 6, Main Gallery, *Wayne Boucher: A Survey*. A survey of works reviewing the artist's development over the past ten years, including works on paper, paintings and painted constructions. Guest Curator: Susan Gibson. Mezzanine Gallery, *David Taylor*. A survey

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of recent works by this Nova Scotian potter. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

**Dalhousie Art Gallery.** To November 11, *Gerald Ferguson: Works, 1978-1984.* An exhibition covering seven years of work by Halifax artist Gerald Ferguson. This exhibition, in a variety of media, including paintings, drawings, sculpture, prints and documentation, centres on Ferguson's interest in the temporal character of the art object. *Backgrounds: Ten Nova Scotian Women Artists.* In conjunction with this year's Dalhousie University Killam lecture series, *Feminist Visions*, the Dalhousie Art Gallery presents a display of both historical and contemporary works by ten women artists of the province. Nov. 15-Jan. 13, W. J. Wood: *Paintings and Graphics.* An extensive display of the paintings, drawings and prints of Ontario artist W. J. Wood (1877-1954). Organized by the Art Gallery of Ontario. *Suzanne Swannick: New Work.* This exhibition of weaver Suzanne Swannick's work involves experimental drawings composed of layers of paper and pulled thread fabric. *Christine Ross-Hopper: New Work.* Hopper's previous interest in landscape painting has evolved to include horizontal groupings of photographs that depict common Nova Scotia landscapes and seascapes. Dalhousie University Campus, 6101 University Avenue. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. evening, 7-10 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Closed Monday.



**Dartmouth Heritage Museum.** To Nov. 4, *Jane Tilley*, mixed media. Nov. 5-18, *Geoff Butler: Art of War*,

travelling exhibition. Nov. 19-Dec. 9, *Eliza Graves*, mixed media. 100 Wyse Road. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 1-5 p.m.; Wed., 1-5 & 6-9 p.m.; Sun. 2-5 p.m. **Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery.** To Nov. 11, Downstairs, *Paintings* by Kristen Scholfield-Sweet and David Haigh, Halifax. These two painters have made contrasting choices within the tradition of photo-dependent representation. Scholfield-Sweet presents intense illusionistic images of natural terrain. Her intricate close-up and dramatic views pay personal homage to wilderness. Haigh deliberately avoids drama, choosing restrained color, unembellished surfaces and relatively static compositions. His unashamedly bourgeois images bathed in lethargic, afternoon light invite quiet contemplation (from the catalogue essay by Susan Gibson). Upstairs, *Inner Visions: Photographs of Turn-of-the-Century Work Places.* Only around the turn of the century had photography sufficiently developed to allow the average professional to produce good quality interior views. The novelty of this, coupled with an efflorescence of popular illustrated pamphlets boosting the commercial and social progress of many cities and towns, suddenly gave an inside view of much that previously was only dimly seen. This exhibit is organized and circulated courtesy of the Public Archives of Canada. Nov. 16-Dec. 16, Downstairs, *The Perfect Setting: Dinnerware for Government House.* Initiated by Her Excellency Mrs. Lily Schreyer, this precedent-setting exhibition was brought together through a nationwide competition to create official place settings of ceramics and glass for Rideau Hall. It consists of 22 of the most "Perfect" settings, including one by Brian Segal from Nova Scotia. This exhibit was organized by the Ontario Potters' Association and is sponsored by General Foods Inc. and Air Canada. Upstairs, *Metal Arts Guild of Nova Scotia: A Retrospective, 1951-1984.* A selection of metal articles, mostly gold or silver, made by members of the Metal Arts Guild. Included are examples of silverware, jewelry and enamel work using techniques of forming, piercing, stonesetting and engraving. Bedford Highway. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Tues., 9 a.m.-9 p.m.

## LECTURES & SPECIAL EVENTS

There will be a **gala dinner and art auction** to raise funds for a permanent home for the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia on November 1 in the Nova Scotian Hotel. This event is organized in conjunction with Visual Arts Nova

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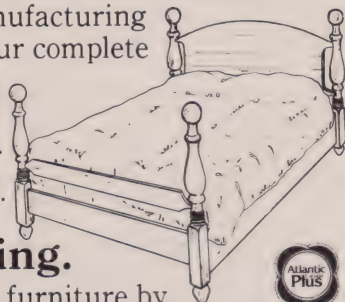
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**Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery.** Illustrated talks: Nov. 27, *Craft — An Oasis in the Disposable Society*, Brian Segal, ceramicist. Dec. 4, *A State Dinner Service for Canada, 1897*, Marie Elwood, Nova Scotia Museum.

## IN CONCERT

**Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Arts Centre.** *Michael Newman*, Nov. 1. *Stadacona Band Remembrance Day Tribute*, Nov. 11. *Tom Paxton*, Nov. 15. *Nancy White*, Nov. 16. *Rita MacNeil*, Nov. 24. *Oliver*, Nov. 30. **All Saints Cathedral, Tower Road.** The Contemporary Pipe Organ, Nov. 25 at 3 p.m. Three of Halifax's many fine organists serve up the most progressive styles of 20th century organ composition. A must for devotees of organ and new music alike.

## MOVIES

**Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Dalhousie Art Centre.** Sunday Film Series: *Rumble Fish*, Nov. 4; *The Pirates of Penzance*, Nov. 18; *The Dresser*, Nov. 25; Travelogue Films, *The African Experience*, Nov. 19.

## CLUB DATES

**Teddy's, Piano Bar at Delta Barrington Hotel.** Continuing to Nov. 17, *Paul Layton*. Nov. 19-30, *Allan Fawcett*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 p.m.-1 a.m.

**The Village Gate, 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth.** To Nov. 3, *Track*. Nov. 5-10, *Red Line*. Nov. 12-17, *Southside*. Nov. 19-24, *Tense*. Nov. 26-Dec. 1, *The Customers*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

**The Ice House Lounge, 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth.** Nov. 12-17, *Tense*. Nov. 19-24, *Red Line*. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m.-2 a.m.

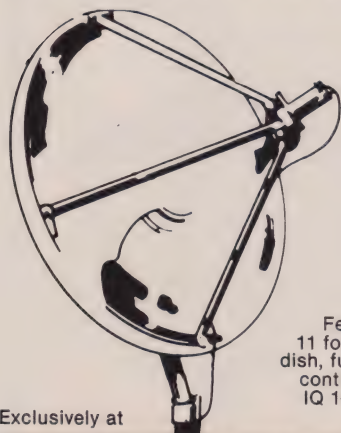
**Privateers' Warehouse, Historic Properties, Middle Deck.** Nov. 5-10, *K. D. Lang*. Nov. 12-17, *Frank MacKay*. Nov. 19-24, *Micah Barnes*. Nov. 26-Dec. 1, *Bleeker Street*. Hours: Lower Deck, 11:30 a.m.-12:30 a.m.; Middle Deck, 11:230 a.m.

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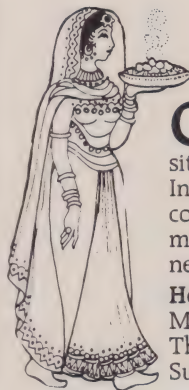
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## Were the good old days that good?

by Harry Flemming

Getting on to 30 years ago my partner and I won a university debate by upholding the affirmative of the proposition, "Resolved that the city of Halifax is an eyesore." The eloquence of Demosthenes couldn't win that debate today.

The fact is that the debatable eyesore of 1957 has become something of a sight for sore eyes. Now there's a tendency to regard peninsular Halifax as finished, perfect, complete. Like Rodgers and Hammerstein's Kansas City, everything is up to date in Halifax; they've gone about as far as they can go — or should be allowed to go.

This view finds many expressions. Every old ramshackle downtown structure suddenly becomes "historic" and part of our "heritage" when a proposal is made to raze it and erect a modern office tower. People cry "view planes" when squat, ugly, uneconomic buildings are about to be replaced by low-rise condominiums. The Friends of the Public Gardens scurry up 10,000 names on a petition to block erection of a housing complex in an area rife with high-rise buildings, none of which poses a threat to the Public Gardens.

The protests may come in the form of detailed, professionally prepared briefs to City Council or they may come as a *cri de coeur*, like this letter in *The Chronicle-Herald*: "What is happening to our beautiful city of Halifax? Our city of majestic trees, historical character and warm personality. Are we doomed to cold, lifeless glass-and-concrete monsters looming over and swallowing everything in their path? . . . Should we lose something which has taken us hundreds of years and many generations to acquire? It would be an unpardonable sin. For the sake of the past, and for that of our sons and daughters, let us make an effort to preserve and renew rather than destroy and lose."

It's hard to quarrel with the sincerity of those sentiments. The trouble is that they're based on an idealized view of the past, a past that never was.

When my partner and I won our "eyesore" debate, we relied heavily for evidence on the Stephenson Report of 1957. In the measured words of a professor of town and regional planning,

Stephenson clinically but passionately outlined the state of central Halifax. Excerpts: "The worst part of the central area lies between the City Hall and Jacob Street . . . it is in a generally deplorable condition. Here, some of the worst tenements and dirty cinder sidewalks merge with patches of cleared land littered with rubbish."

Central Halifax, Stephenson wrote, had "overcrowded, dirty, cold and miserable" slums in which "considerable" tuberculosis existed. Water-front property was "decrepit." The city bylaws' "miserably low" standards allowed "a family of four to be squeezed into two rooms with a combined area of 160 square feet." Africville, on Bedford Basin, with its shacks and "deplorable" sanitation, stood as "an indictment of society and not of its (black) inhabitants." One Barrington Street tenement housed 81 persons in 32 rooms and 15 kitchens. The entire rookery contained "one bathroom and five water closets, in various states of repair."

Stephenson didn't comment on much of the other social and physical dross of that bygone "Golden Age." However, he did remark on the high incidence of home ownership among "Negroes" in the Maynard, Creighton and Gottingen streets area. This, he said, was due to "social reasons" — a euphemism for the fact that whites wouldn't rent to them or sell to them anywhere else. And it was beyond his mandate for Stephenson to mention that the "warm personality" of Halifax didn't extend to Jews, as an RCAF veteran who had been a German POW during World War II discovered when he tried to join the WASPish Waegwoltic Club. Nor did Jews find much warmth in the welcome when they applied for membership in the local golf and curling clubs.

Protestants and Catholics got along fine, however, as long as they went to separate schools and obeyed the unwritten rules of sectarian accommodation. They achieved what the Northern Irish have been wrestling with unsuccessfully for years: power sharing. In an unvarying political lockstep, Protestant mayors followed Catholic ones. At the federal level, ecumenism manifested itself in the political parties nominating Protestant

and Catholic candidates for the dual-member Halifax riding.

By 1957 the face of central Halifax hadn't changed much from the dour countenance that thousands of servicemen knew and loathed during the war. True, taverns had come at last, but they were drab, foodless, womenless affairs; any sign that one actually was enjoying himself earned instant expulsion. With few notable exceptions, restaurants were greasy spoons. Culture was a fast-moving morsel nibbled at the Capitol cinema or the noisome Forum.

There were no "glass and concrete monsters." The Provincial and Roy buildings were the limestone and brick proofs that Halifax had gone about as far as it could go. It wasn't until the sixties that the first curtain-wall office building came to grace (or mar, if you wish) the view planes.

Unable to afford the elegant apartments in the South End's converted mansions, thousands of young, middle-aged and old people had to move to squalid suburbs or compete for the privilege of living in single rooms, cellar apartments and jerry-built shoe boxes on the peninsula. In those days condos were the relics that infested the stony slopes of Citadel Hill and the cindered expanse of the Commons.

It's different today. Halifax may yet live up to Stephenson's hope: "Richly endowed by nature, and with a wealth of historic associations and buildings, Halifax could become the most attractive city in Canada."

We've come a long way, baby. But we haven't yet built Jerusalem in our green and pleasant city. We delude ourselves if we start to think we've got an Edinburgh or a Salzburg or a Venice on our hands. We haven't, as an eyes-open walk down any street in central Halifax will confirm. Yes, there's much that must be preserved and renewed, but there is also much that's grubby and shabby. We still have a way to go, and that way still involves tearing down superannuated buildings that sentiment alone invests as "historic" and erecting more "glass and concrete monsters."

A diamond may be forever; a city is not.

C

Harry Flemming is a well known writer-broadcaster living in Halifax.



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## Energy conservation saving money in Atlantic Canada

*In a region traditionally known for thrift, the move toward energy conservation prompted by the 1970s increase in oil prices has caught on and is paying off. However, still more can be done*

by Deborah Jones

**E**nergy conservation doesn't make headlines any more. That may be because it has become a way of life and is no longer extraordinary. Nowhere is this more true than in Atlantic Canada, where conserving energy appears to have caught on more than elsewhere in Canada.

There has been a diminution in energy use of about 20 percent in Atlantic Canada over the past five years — whereas the national average has remained more or less stable. These figures are tricky, it's true. The recession would account for some of the drop, for example, as energy-using plants and machines slowed down.

But conservation and the use of local alternatives for fossil fuels account for a large part of it as the search for cheaper energy has become commonplace in the running of homes, vehicles and factories in the region.

"The Atlantic region has led Canada in the decline in the use of gasoline, for example, and in the use of other fuels for the past several years," says Susan Holtz, a Halifax energy consultant. "There's a tradition of thrift here. You always saved things, made do. It's less than a generation that rural Nova Scotia, for example, converted from wood to oil heating. Lots of people have converted back."

The shock of the OPEC oil price increases of ten years ago hit home owners hardest at first and the first government programs were mainly aimed at alleviating home heating costs through grants for better insulation and for heating systems to substitute for oil furnaces. But industry was hit hard too, albeit in a quieter way. The home assistance programs have now quietly faded into the background, and emphasis has been placed on factories and other large institutions.

For example, at Black's Harbour, N.B., fish oil from sardines is being burned in place of Bunker C fuel oil. Connors Bros. Ltd., with two demonstration programs cost-shared by the federal and provincial governments, is saving both oil and electricity by using the fish oil whenever the going price is less than for fuel oil.

Other examples, among hundreds of projects in the region:

In Cupids, Nfld., fish processor H.B. Dawe Ltd. has replaced a conventional oil-burning system with a heat pump to dry its fish. With an outlay of \$184,000,

the company will save \$13,000 a year.

In Lunenburg, N.S., National Sea Products Ltd. is converting two tons of daily trash into steam, used mainly for space heating, for a saving of about \$4,000 in monthly fuel costs. Burning the waste also saves the \$700 a week it would cost to have it removed.

At Grand Lake, N.B., plump red tomatoes grow side by side with hatchery trout thanks to warm recycled water from a nearby power plant.

Significantly, the return on these investments is such that they are attractive even in recessionary times, when many other capital investments are not. This is especially so in the food industry — which is very energy-intensive because many foods are processed and then chilled or frozen. Farmers Co-operative Dairy of Bedford, N.S., for example, spends over \$750,000 a year on energy for processing and storing. Recently the co-op invested \$178,000 in a conservation program. Now, waste heat from its refrigeration units heats water used mainly for cleaning.

Farmers took advantage of the federal government's Pilot Project Program, funded 80 percent by the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources and 20 percent by the Nova Scotia Department of Mines and Energy. The program is now being phased out, but has been replaced with other federal programs.

"It was the pay-

back that prompted us to invest," explains Farmers president Bill MacLennan. "High energy costs are inherent in all our processes, and there was an opportunity there to reduce costs."

MacLennan estimates that by installing the new equipment, the dairy will save about \$70,000 per year — money Farmers would otherwise spend on fuel oil. The total cost of the waste heat recovery project was \$318,000, with governments picking up \$140,000. Equipment installation was completed in April. MacLennan reports that everything's working to specifications with an added bonus: the refrigeration system itself is more efficient.

"Business and commerce have been unbelievably tardy in figuring out they could save a lot of money by using energy efficiently," says Holtz. "A lot of stuff happened early on in residential. Residential people were really frightened by oil price increases. They couldn't pass their rising costs off to anybody."

Like industries, institutions and commercial firms are also cutting costs through conservation. Mount Allison



Bill MacLennan of Farmers Dairy (left): saving by recycling heat

PHOTOS BY PETER PARSONS



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University in Sackville, N.B., for example, recently completed a \$2.1 million computerized energy-saving program. The project, which involves replacing inefficient equipment, using waste heat, and computer monitoring of energy use throughout the campus, is expected to pay itself back in three years, at a rate of about \$400,000 annually.

Most of the projects use government grants, such as the federal government's Atlantic Energy Conservation Investments Program. Gnanendran Murugan, senior planning engineer with the Nova Scotia Power Corporation, says government funding makes conservation investment attractive. "If industry would do

*"Business and commerce have been unbelievably tardy in figuring out they could save a lot of money by using energy efficiently"*

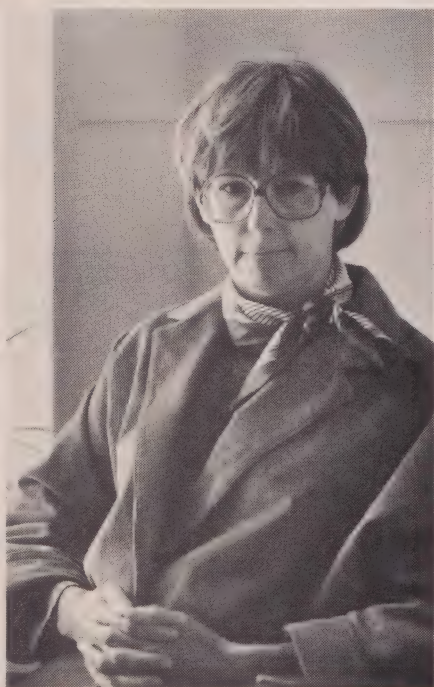
detailed analysis, it would get a higher rate of return than it could get on any other type of investment, with a three-to-four-year pay-back period."

Just as an industry sprung up around federal insulation programs for home owners, consultants to industrial and commercial energy users interested in cutting costs have found a niche in the market. Dale Robertson, president of Enerscan Engineering Inc. in Halifax, is one of the newer arrivals in a field populated by about 45 firms in the Atlantic region.

Robertson, a registered engineer who began his firm five years ago, says energy savings can be made on most buildings, but it takes a trained eye to see where changes would be cost-effective. And business people are more receptive to investing to save money in the long run than are home owners.

"Home owners care about every dollar they put into their oil tank. But they're still not logical thinkers, they don't implement all things, because they have to kick out money at the start to do it." Business, however, can justify capital investments on the balance sheet, he added.





**Holtz: conservation need not mean a lowering of one's standard of living**

Effective insulation, home solar collectors, heat pumps and so on are still around for conservation in the home, but they have lost the sheen of innovation. Also available are government subsidies, such as the federal government's R-2000 program to encourage builders to construct more energy-efficient homes.

Consumers are always faced with a choice between investing in energy conservation for their homes or buying other goods or services, says Holtz. "Sure there's more things I can do in my house to make it more energy efficient; I've already done a lot. But I recently had to decide if I wanted a living room rug. The rug won out this time."

"Most consumers on the domestic side have reached a certain level of sophistication in their knowledge of energy conservation, so it's not new to anyone anymore. Most people know things about R (insulation) values that five years ago they didn't know anything about," muses Mel Coombs, a senior officer with a federal Energy, Mines and Resources energy conservation program in Halifax.

"On the residential side," says Coombs, "it's the more informed consumer who's doing things, and a lot of the urgency has disappeared because oil prices have stopped increasing so dramatically. The perception is that activities are increasing on the industrial and commercial side of things."

Conservation, whether domestic, industrial or commercial, is also advancing because people's perception of what energy conservation is has changed for the better, says Holtz. In the early 1970s, conservation was perceived as accepting lower standards of living. Now, she says, consumers believe they can conserve or use alternate forms of energy and still maintain their life-styles.



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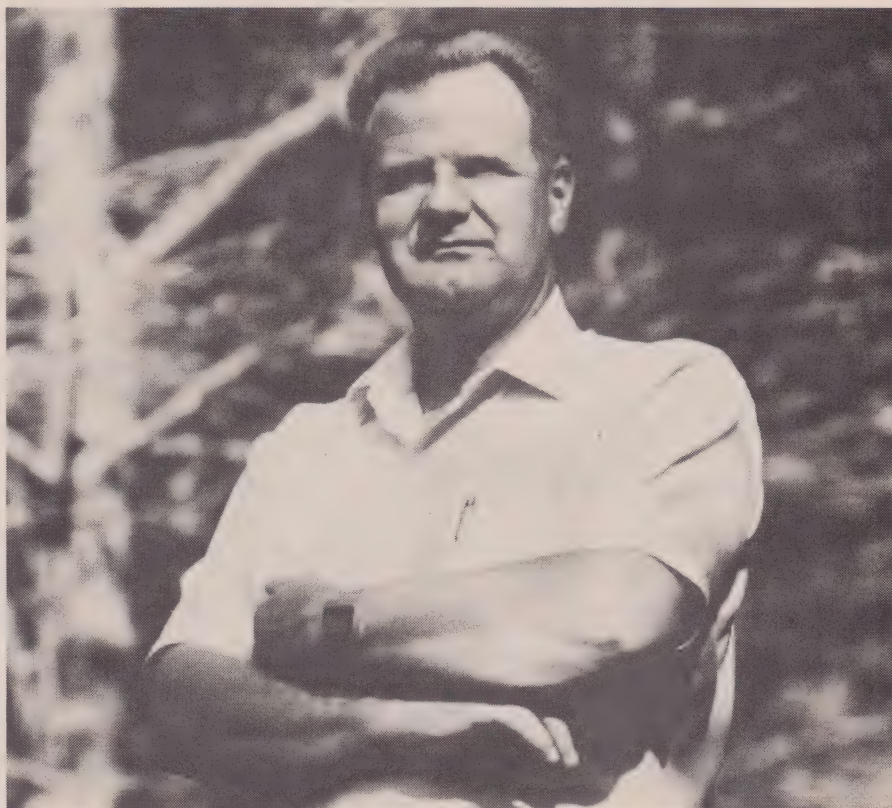


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ERIC HAYES

Entrepreneur Douglas: "I only work on cream deals"

## Forest land: Good or bad for pension funds?

*Bob Douglas, Nova Scotia's wheeler-dealer salesman of recreational land, is now trying to peddle forest land to pension funds. Is he barking up the wrong tree?*

**P**sst! Want to buy some timberland and make a killing in about 60 years' time?

This might appear to be the latest scam since swamp property. But not to Robert Douglas, who's trying to sell his 75,000 acres of forest for \$18.5 million. And not to some of the largest pension funds in the country now looking into the whole concept.

Still, it does have a speculative aura — despite the interest of the funds, known for their conservative and cautious investing. For that matter, so does Mahone Bay, N.S.-based Douglas, who claims to be the province's real estate agent selling the most "recreational land," such as islands and plots with water frontages.

When a juicy land deal comes through, Douglas can make \$6 million in a single week. "I don't work for bread and butter," he says. "I only work on cream deals."

But will the timberland venture turn sour on him? So far, he seems on the right

track to sell his package of properties located mainly within a 25-mile radius of Oxford, N.S.

Douglas, president of real estate firm R.W.B. Douglas & Associates, is hoping to tap the heavyweights among Canada's 3,500 private-employer pension plans with about \$80 billion worth of total investments. And that pool of capital is swelling. Even better, the funds are looking to broaden their holdings, so-called "real estate with trees on top" included. The concept has just recently taken root in the United States and is already quite common in Europe.

Yet, the ever-confident Douglas must wait for the federal government to decide whether timberland is an eligible tax-free investment for pension funds. He anticipates both Ottawa's go-ahead for the funds and a buyer this fall. If so, it won't exactly be a whirlwind transaction.

Douglas had earlier sold the land to a businessman in France, but problems with transferring money quashed the deal. Not to be discouraged, Douglas began putting

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out feelers in September 1983 to those select funds with assets of \$250 million or more.

Given the combined investment clout of the funds, it all smacks of big league. That's an impression Douglas reinforces, repeatedly interrupting an interview to take telephone calls or confer with a business contact in an adjacent office.

Throw in international connections for good measure. Carefully choosing his words, Douglas says the property is held by McCan Forestry Ltd. and Cumberland Forestry Ltd. They, in turn, are jointly owned by himself and European interests associated with Kerckhof & Verraes N.V. of Belgium. The Belgian firm promotes private and institutional investments in timberland and has been exploring North American markets since 1976.

Douglas bought the land in 1980 from the McLellan family of Oxford. He won't say how much he paid for it. He does say, however, that 40 years ago, his holdings would have cost \$1 an acre. Now, his price is almost \$250 an acre.

For his part, Douglas has no doubts about the merits of the concept. "Pension funds are investing the wealth of their workers and there's nothing more basic to making that money than the forest industry."

What Douglas is hoping for is a Bunyan-sized pension fund to buy the whole parcel — 84 separate tracts ranging from 50 acres to 20,000 acres — and syndicate it to smaller ones, including any interested Atlantic-based funds. Or else, he explains, a group of funds could each own specific acreage or shares of a managing company.

The 44-year-old Douglas, an Acadia University commerce grad, traces his involvement with the woods back to age 12 when he started cutting pulpwood. "A farmer told me to buy all the woodland I could get my hands on and I have consistently done that."

His pitch is not without appeal. About 75 percent of the timberland in the province of Nova Scotia is privately owned — the highest proportion in Canada. An added bonus: institutional investors would probably be receptive to practising silviculture since it takes decades for a young stand of timber to mature enough to be used for lumber or pulp and paper. (Douglas has already planted 625,000 red pine, spruce and European larch.) If enough investors pooled together to buy the entire block, it would be economical to hire a full-time forester to work on-site, Douglas says.

Timberland proponents stress the control the investor has over when to cut. The land can be held and harvested when market prices are good, the argument goes. While cutting is still unprofitable, the trees will continue to get rounder and taller. The higher the better. One cord of 20-year-old timber might be worth \$12 for pulpwood, compared to \$48 for a cord twice as old and suitable for sawmilling.

Only time will tell whether Douglas is barking up the wrong tree.

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PHOTOS BY MANNIE BUCHHEIT

Kevin Major's stories mirror the details of life in the outports, yet possess a universal appeal

## Tales of Newfoundland youth spell success for Kevin Major

*Though not accepted in some Canadian schools, this fine young novelist's works have won awards and a wide Canadian audience with their vivid and uncannily realistic portrayals of life growing up in Newfoundland*

by Lorri Nielsen

**W**atching Kevin Major emerge on the landscape of Canadian literature is like watching an award-winning photograph develop before your very eyes.

The Newfoundland writer's first two novels, *Hold Fast* and *Far From Shore*, scooped up at least seven national and international awards and won Major, 35, an avid Canadian following.

Now *36 Exposures*, published this fall, promises even more acclaim for Major's talents. This raw and intense novel is probably the best Canadian portrait ever drawn of seventeen-going-on-adult.

But young Newfoundlanders, the focus of Major's realistic images of outport life, may never have the chance to read this—or any other—Kevin Major novel. Not in school, anyway. The Newfoundland Department of Education, which provides junior and senior high school English teachers with lists of novels approved for classroom study, will not give

the nod to *Hold Fast* or *Far From Shore*.

*Hold Fast* won the Canada Council Award for Children's Literature in 1979 and was named Book of the Year by the Canadian Association of Children's Librarians. In 1980, Major's first novel appeared on the prestigious Hans Christian Andersen Honor List. The book has been translated into three languages and talks are now under way for a movie.

The story of Michael, a turbulent and plucky fourteen-year-old whose parents die in an accident, combines the turmoil of adolescence with the sharp distinctions Michael must make between outport life and city life. Presenting his native Newfoundland in vivid detail, Major crafts a story with universal appeal.

*Far From Shore*, Major's second book, won the Canadian Young Adult Book Award in 1980, among other distinctions. The fifteen-year-old protagonist, Chris, is faced with his parent's collapsing marriage, his father's unemployment, his sister's restless ambition, and the

growing temptation to cut loose.

After bringing Michael and Chris alive as authentic Canadian characters, Major has now created Lorne, a graduating high school student who proves to be Major's most complex and realistic character yet.

All three books balance young characters on a double-edged sword. While struggling to survive adolescence, they must also resolve the Newfoundland dilemma: how to keep the old ways and still carve out a future. All three books have straightforward, universal themes, and all three are perceptive and challenging.

So what's all the fuss? Why aren't award-winning books written by a local writer about Newfoundland youth accepted for use by teachers in Newfoundland schools? Is this a case of Newfoundland culture shooting itself in the foot? Or is it the more common Canadian syndrome of "he's local so he can't be good"?

According to C. K. Brown, Director of the Division of Instruction in Newfoundland's Department of Education, the issue is one of "respectability. We wouldn't care to endorse the kind of language found in Kevin Major's novels." Brown, who has read *Hold Fast* but wasn't aware of Major's other works to date, insists that censorship is not at work here. "We don't ban the books," he says. "We just don't include them on the reading list because we are sensitive to the nature of the material we put in teachers' hands."

The language in *Hold Fast* has apparently been the cause of pursed lips in



Ontario as well. Two years ago, Kevin Major was turned away from a scheduled reading of *Hold Fast* in Rainy River, Ont., and several Ontario schools have removed the book from their curriculum.

What are the offensive words? To be as specific as the delicate among us will allow, they are excretory expletives. And, in one case, an incident of nocturnal emission.

Noted Canadian critic William French, writing in the *Globe and Mail* about Major's 1982 tour with the Children's Book Centre, wrote, "The words are familiar in every school playground in the nation, the dream experience familiar to every boy who has reached puberty. How anyone in authority could imagine that exposure either to the words or the description could harm young readers is beyond comprehension. This kind of realism in children's books can only encourage their interest in reading, because they can identify with the characters."

Silver Donald Cameron, in an earlier review of Major's books in 1981, claimed that youthful readers "will find very few books anywhere which speak to their condition with such candor and understanding." The Children's Book Centre in Toronto called *Hold Fast* "a very healthy addition to Canadian children's books." And, ironically, Margaret Kearney, reviewing the book in the *St. John's Daily News*, said, "This is the first novel by this young Newfoundlander and I hope it ends up in the classroom as required reading."

The chances of that happening are slim. Brown says that his curriculum committee "prefers the classics. We prefer works that are recognized as leading novels."

Ontario and Newfoundland seem to be the only provinces involved in the sticky business of censorship in this case. Canadian educators and librarians in general applaud Kevin Major for providing books that promote an interest in reading through honest portrayals of growing up.

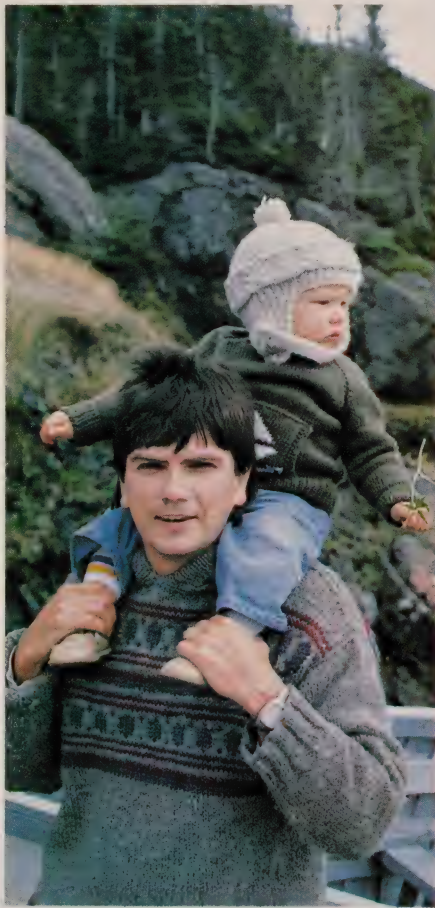
The kids who read his novels agree. "It's good to read about your own problems," says Sarah Annand of Hubbards, N.S. A few years ago, her Grade 5 teacher at Shatford Memorial School, Carole Swinamer, read *Hold Fast* aloud to the group and the children enjoyed it so much they decided to write the author. Major responded to each child's letter, replying to their comments and answering their questions.

"They were thrilled," says Swinamer. "Each child had identified in some way with Michael's life, and they all loved to discuss the book in detail. One young boy in particular was very moved. 'I know how Michael feels,' he said, 'Everybody says I'm from turf-town.'" Dale, a young Sandy Cove, Nfld., resident is most impressed by the realism. "It's eerie," he says, "how close the books come to real life."

What does Kevin Major have to say about all this? The quiet, Sandy Cove resi-



An eye for images, an ear for language  
On Bonavista Bay with son, Luke



dent who was born in Stephenville, the youngest of seven children, says that "adolescence was probably the most traumatic time of my life. I would have appreciated books reassuring me that my problems were not unique."

Major doesn't think of censorship when he writes; he thinks only of believable characters. "To write otherwise would be false. If I were using strong language and sexual references to be sensational, to grab the reader's attention, then people might have reason to complain."

It's not surprising that Major can create believable characters: he knows young people better than most. After five years at Memorial University and a year of travelling to the West Indies and sailing a cargo ship to Spain, he accepted his first teaching position in Robert's Arm in 1971. He taught teenagers for several years and even now, though his love of writing has eclipsed his teaching career, he continues to do some supply teaching and to work with youth groups and church camps. "Young people really like Kevin; they can talk to him," says his wife, Anne, whom Major first met in 1969.

The couple, who exchanged the occasional postcard and casual phone call for 10 years before finally marrying in 1981, now live a quarter of a mile from the cottage overlooking Bonavista Bay where Major writes. Since the birth of their son, Luke, 17 months ago, Major's attitude about writing has changed. "I feel more stable, more disciplined," he says. "He gets up in the morning and goes to the cottage to work for the day," says Anne, a teacher-librarian who spent the summer reviewing dozens of Canadian books — including Kevin's — for the new Holy Cross School System library.

Anne never reads her husband's books until the final draft is complete. "I just answer questions that come out of the blue — like what kinds of shakes they serve at McDonald's. I never know what he's writing until the publisher does. He's very private about his work."

Aside from his contacts with other writers through his membership in the Writers Union of Canada, Major works in isolation. His brothers and sisters (his parents are dead) support his habit-turned-career which was fostered by the number of books in their Stephenville home. Now his reading taste is eclectic. He reads everything from European writers in translation to Updike to children's books.

Major's writing, however, remains rooted in "the rock," where all his novels are set. He says he is most comfortable writing about Newfoundland. The people, their homes, their dreams, and their tragedies seem to provide him with all the raw material he needs.

Although his novels about outpost youth address themselves to the pain of adolescence, Major's adult readership is growing. And this pleases him because he never intended his books to be limited to the youth market. In fact, the newest,



## COVER STORY

*36 Exposures*, published by Doubleday in Canada and Dell in the U.S.A., will have such strong appeal for adults that it may be the parents of his first following who will pick the new book from the shelves.

Major has begun a fourth novel already, and continues to work on the screenplay for *Hold Fast*. When he's not writing, Major is either spending time with his family ("he's a great husband and father," says a friend) or he's out canoeing. He has always been creative: his first love, photography, won him several awards before he was drawn to writing.

The interest in photography is only

one of many characteristics he shares with his newest protagonist, Lorne, in *36 Exposures*. "I don't write autobiographical novels," says Major, "but I have to admit there is more of me in Lorne than there was in either Michael or Chris."

Lorne channels his creative forces into photography and poetry, combining the two interests in a controversial end-of-term project for the school's most traditional and reactionary teacher, Mr. Ryan. Like Major, Lorne is sensitive, reserved, independent and determined to succeed. Unlike his creator, Lorne's independent streak is iconoclastic. He seems to have been carrying around his

rebellion like a cocked gun, waiting for a target. When his friend Trevor is kicked out of school by the unpopular Ryan, Lorne finds a focus and takes aim.

Lorne's passion for photography allows him to hide behind the lens, observing the world. Although he takes beautiful 35 mm color photographs, Lorne tends to see the world in black and white. When he is forced to stop using his camera as either a gun or a shield (he



The family at home in Sandy Cove

hates having his own picture taken), he learns something about love and death. He begins, finally, to learn how to live.

Major's photographic eye combines with his ear for dialogue and his sense of detail to produce 36 chapter/images of growing up restless in small-town Canada. Like 36 snapshots in close-up, the visual impact outlives the words. The authentic voices linger in the reader's mind long after the book is closed. The fact that some chapters are prose and some are poetry creates a scrapbook effect reminiscent of those candid shots after the mug pages in your high school yearbook.

Major's fast film captures the nuances of adolescent life like no other Canadian writer has to date. He goes beyond the beer, the high-speed chases, and the back-seat window-fogging, to uncover the sweet despair of the last days of high school.

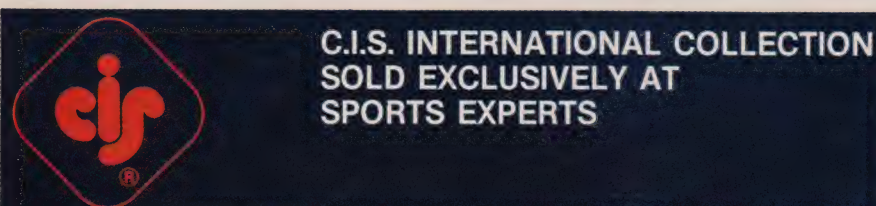
The story is poignant and tragic, but *36 Exposures* is a celebration of youthful courage and vitality. Like all of Major's novels, it is positive and uplifting.

One of Lorne's poems opens this way:

*I am best photographed  
from a distance.*

*From there I could look average.*

With three fine novels to his credit, each one better and more ambitious than the last, Kevin Major can handle being observed close up. From there, the image of a successful Canadian novelist emerges clearly.



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# Excerpt from 36 Exposures

A boat turned in and around the point. He followed its course as it cleared the rocks and the shallows. He thought he recognized the two people but was sure only when the outboard cut and the boat slowed into the wharf. Trevor, a classmate of his, climbed out. Trevor's father tossed up the painter. They secured the boat, then transferred the knapsack and two guns to the wharf. Trevor set them aside. Then, lifting together each time, they landed their catch ashore — two harp seals, their grey-black markings clearly visible through the binoculars. He watched as they carefully slit the carcasses to get to the meat inside.

He started to picture himself as a son in that family. He stopped after a few seconds. Had he a more powerful telescopic lens for his camera, he would have taken a photograph.

His sights shifted to the fish plant. Perhaps he would end up there like his father used to warn him. Working part of the year, drawing unemployment during the rest. Or Alberta. He had relatives living there now he could stay with. At least he would get to see a bit of the country. Maybe go to university like everyone expected, maybe not. That was no guarantee of a job anymore, especially with an arts degree when you were sure you didn't want to be a teacher. Train for a job with one of the oil rigs off the coast? After the Ocean Ranger disaster, he would never even mention that possibility to his mother. In any case, just two more months and he would be through, finished with high school. And in four more months he would be eighteen.

He drew back from the lookout and stood up in the wind. It whipped his hair in all directions. He unzipped his coat and spread it open like he used to do on Mercer's Bank when he was younger. He leaned forward, a human sail. Atop his world, he concluded, bloody dramatic.

Later, just before he left to go down, he made his way back to the edge. This time it was his camera that he held in his hands. It would definitely make a perfect opening shot for the history project — the sun low, the light he liked best. He held the camera in such a way as to avoid irritating the cut on his hand. He framed the scene and with certain purpose depressed the shutter.

Excerpt from *36 Exposures*, Copyright 1984 by Kevin Major. Reproduced by permission of Doubleday Canada Limited, Toronto.

*Be recognized  
by your taste in Scotch.*





# East coast blueberries become a Japanese fad

原野では、青い果実が美しく似合う。メイン州の北で、カナダの大地で、人知れず実を結ぶ。酸っぱさはかなたの甘さ。野性から生まれた、ワイルドブルーベリー。

**Wild Blueberries**

ワイルドブルーベリー

北緯45度、大西洋を望む、野性の大地。人の手をかかず、自然の恵みだけで育つ貴重な果実。ワイルドブルーベリー。いま、北米東部から日本の食卓へ、ジャムやフルーツソースでお届けしています。

北アメリカ ワイルドブルーベリー協会

*It may seem strange, but for cultural reasons young Japanese women are crazy about blueberries. For the blueberry industry, cracking this difficult market was a major success. But blueberries are becoming known worldwide*

**A**lthough still not abundant, success stories involving the export of products from the Atlantic Provinces have been on the increase in recent years. Now there's one that's successful to the point of being downright weird.

by Ralph Surette

The product is blueberries. The place is Japan. The advertising poster shows two Western women with flowing blouses, one holding a white duck, against a pastoral background. The scene, in blue/pink tint and with a bunch of blueberries in the foreground, suggests the spacious-

ness of North America and the land of cherry blossoms brought together in the style of Swedish cinematography.

It doesn't look much like advertising. It seems not to be selling blueberries as much as something mysterious and intangible beyond.

Now cut to the blueberry fields around Oxford, N.S., in late August. The Japanese food industry's blueberry queen (a Japanese blueberry queen yet!), Tokyo university student Masako Hayashi, is having her first look at blueberries in the natural state. She explains that "blueberries are a fashionable fruit that is becoming famous in Japan, especially among young girls." Another member of the visiting Japanese delegation, a food technician, says the reason blueberries are fashionable among young women is that they evoke "an exotic, Western-style feeling." In addition, the color blue is apparently associated with the vigor of young womanhood in Japanese culture.

The rationale behind the poster now becomes clear. It's aimed at the leading "market segment" for the product. Believe it or not, blueberries turn young Japanese women on. Blueberries are currently a fad in Japan.

This is remarkable. Virtually all the complaints about Japan and its trade surplus over the past decade have had to do with the difficulty of cracking the Japanese market, to a great extent because of cultural barriers. This product has not only caught on, it has caught on like a springtime burning. Japanese food processors have spun off about 25 products from the berries — everything from blueberry bubble gum and vinegar to toppings, jams, sauces, concentrates, syrups and so on (everything, it seems, except what blueberries are most commonly used for in North America: pies and muffins).

All this has happened very quickly. The major processors — M. W. Graves & Co. of Berwick, N.S., Oxford Frozen Foods of Oxford, N.S., and C. M. McLean of Charlottetown (now Cavendish Farms of Moncton) — approached the Japanese food companies less than a decade ago. The Marugen Shokuhin company produced a blueberry topping for the bakery trade in 1976, but the boom began in 1978 when the Aohata Co. made a jam for use in resorts. The young women loved it. In short order there were 14 food companies competing for their attention. Together, last year, they used over six million pounds of berries (about \$6 million worth).

The Wild Blueberry Association of North America (WBANA), representing 20 processors in the Atlantic Provinces, Quebec and Maine, hopes for a doubling of sales in future.

Not everyone is so optimistic. Lad Javorek, marketing manager for Graves, is bothered by the fad aspect. He suspects that the novelty will fade and then "we will have to fight for market share against



# New Brunswick Bicentennial Album

## A Message from the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick

## Un message du Lieutenant-gouverneur du Nouveau-Brunswick

This year has given to all New Brunswickers the opportunity to discover their rich and proud heritage. The Bicentennial has reached out, with a friendly hand, to many of our neighbours and friends.

As the year 1984 draws to a close, I would like to congratulate the many New Brunswickers who have participated to make the New Brunswick Bicentennial celebrations a tremendous success. The event has enhanced the sense of pride in all New Brunswickers.

The celebration of a 200th anniversary is a significant and historic event. The enthusiasm shown by all New Brunswickers during this year-long celebration will live long in our hearts.

I hope that all New Brunswickers will reflect on our proud Canadian history and continue to show the spirit which has united our province during 1984 and for many generations to come.

Happy Birthday New Brunswick!



Le 200<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de notre province est un événement historique que personne d'entre nous revivra. Les Néo-Brunswickois de tous les coins de la province ont participé aux fêtes avec un enthousiasme qu'on ne verra jamais surpassé.

L'année du bicentenaire commence à tirer à sa fin et je voudrais féliciter tous les Néo-Brunswickois qui ont contribué au succès retentissant des fêtes en s'y impliquant.

Le bicentenaire nous a permis d'exprimer notre fierté de Néo-Brunswickois et nous a fourni l'occasion d'accueillir chez-nous nos nombreux amis et voisins. Cette année, nous sommes partis à la découverte de notre patrimoine, nous avons célébré ensemble et visé nos ambitions vers l'avenir. Cette année a vraiment enrichi et uni notre province pour les générations futures.

Le bicentenaire du Nouveau-Brunswick a encouragé les Néo-Brunswickois à se découvrir et à faire face aux défis de l'avenir.

Bonne fête Nouveau-Brunswick!

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "G.F.G. Stanley".

George F.G. Stanley

Lieutenant-Governor, le Lieutenant-gouverneur de la  
Province of New Brunswick Province du Nouveau-Brunswick



# FORTY RHODES To MOUNT ALLISON



**I**N 1905, ARTHUR MOTYER of Bermuda was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. Last year, William Lahey of Chatham, New Brunswick was also awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. And in the years between, thirty-eight other Rhodes Scholars shared at least one thing in common with these two. All forty were graduates of Mount Allison University.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS are granted annually to young men and women who have attained the highest standards of excellence, not only in their university studies, but also in sports, leadership, and moral character. That forty graduates of one small Maritime university have been so honoured – eight of them in the past twelve years – is a source of pride to Mount Allison and its Alumni around the world.

WE WELCOME this opportunity to tell you something about the special learning environment which has nurtured their achievement.



*Professor Arthur Motyer (left), nephew of our first Rhodes recipient and a Mount Allison Rhodes scholar himself, offers a few words of advice to Bill Lahey, 40th Allisionian winner of the award, before his departure for Oxford in August, 1984.*

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY was founded in Sackville, New Brunswick in 1839. Its tree-shaded campus and stone buildings reflect deeply rooted values and traditions. Over one hundred and forty years of continuous development have made it one of Canada's foremost undergraduate universities, dedicated to preparing students for life in the 21st Century.

Because education is a lifetime investment, you want to exercise care in choosing a university. Here are some reasons why Mount Allison could be your first choice.

- limited enrolment and high admissions standards
- low student/faculty ratio (12:1)
- a faculty that puts teaching first
- courses tailored to individual needs
- outstanding library and research facilities
- one of Canada's most generous scholarship programmes

When you come to Mount Allison, you will join a closely knit university community where nearly 80% of students and faculty live on or near the campus, contributing to a stimulating social and cultural life. You will find ample opportunity to develop leadership skills in student government and the activities of some 35 special interest clubs and societies. You will appreciate the comprehensive athletic programme ranging from personal fitness to intercollegiate sports.

We are now well into the 1980's, a decade that was predicted to bring unparalleled pressures on small, private, liberal arts universities across North America. At Mount Allison we are not only surviving those pressures, but are building a commitment to continued excellence in education for the students of the future.

NOTE: Because of Mount Allison's limited enrolment policy, early application for admission is advised.

If you would like to receive more information about the many benefits of an education at Mount Allison University, please write:

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# How It All Began

*Despite untold centuries of human occupation prior to 1784, it took the stroke of a bureaucrat's pen to create New Brunswick*

June 18, 1984 marked the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of New Brunswick as a separate province with its own government. On that day in 1784, King George III approved an Order-in-Council which officially recognized that the flourishing colony was expanding rapidly enough to acquire provincial status.

When New Brunswick's Micmac and Maliseet ancestors settled here is unknown, but archeological research suggests the history of North America's native people is much older and more rich and complex than once supposed. Scholars speculate on the existence of powerful nations, which knew and traded with Phoenician sailors from the Mediterranean in the pre-Christian era, long lost in the past.

There is a strong possibility that the Vikings visited New Brunswick's shores during the period of the great Norse marine explorations of the 10th and 11th centuries. Five hundred years later, Jacques Cartier certainly sailed into the Bay of Chaleur and may have also explored the Miramichi, and in 1605 de Monts, Champlain, and their fellows established the first foothold of New France on Isle St. Croix.

Throughout the 1600's Acadian settlements grew, flourishing in the intervals between sporadic bouts of warfare, as France and England struggled for dominance in North America. The royal court in Paris, and even the military and civil authorities at Quebec and Louis-

bourg were far away, and the Acadians lived peaceably among themselves in the absence of any real government. While France was an absolute monarchy, Acadia had the character of a libertarian republic. The fact that so many Acadians made the arduous trek back home after being exiled by the New England militia in 1755 is evidence of their fervent love of their land and their independent spirit.

Although the Indians and Acadians, and by the mid-1700's a scattering of New England and Yorkshire settlers and traders, were living in New Brunswick before

the Loyalists, it was the latter group, arriving by the thousands after the American Revolution, which provided the impetus for creating the Province of New Brunswick. No radical republicans were they, but staunch supporters of law and order. Having been violently dislocated from their rightful homes to the south, they felt it was only their due that all the proper forms of administration should be re-established without delay in their new location.

Thus it was, that within less than a year of the Loyalists' arrival the lobbying and negotiations had already taken place which resulted in the following document:

*At the Court of Saint James's  
the 18th of June 1784*

*Present  
The King's most Excellent Majesty  
in Council*

**Whereas** there was this Day read at the Board, a Report from the Right Honourable the Lords of the Committee of Council appointed for the consideration of all Matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations Viz.

**"Your Majesty** having been pleased by Your Order in Council of the 14th of last Month to refer unto this Committee a letter...signifying that a great Number of Your Majesty's loyal Subjects who have been driven from their Habitations within the revolted Colonies having taken refuge in the Province of Nova Scotia, and settled upon the Banks of the Rivers St. John and St. Croix and the Country adjacent, with a considerable Body of disbanded Soldiers, who must of course be put to great inconvenience in having recourse to the Courts of Justice by their distance from the present Seat of Government at Halifax, and His Majesty having taken the same into His Royal Consideration has thought it proper that the Province of Nova Scotia should be divided into two parts...and that the Tract of Country bounded by the Gulph of St. Lawrence on the East, the Province of Quebec on the North, the Territories of the United States on the West, and the Bay of Fundy on the South, should be created into a Government under the Name of New Brunswick..."

**His Majesty** taking the said Report into Consideration, was pleased, with the advice of His Privy Council, to approve thereof...and to Order, as it is hereby Ordered, that the Right Honourable Lord Sydney, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, do receive His Majesty's Royal Pleasure for the appointment of the several Officers proposed as necessary for the Administration of Government so far as relates to his Department.



DENNIS MILLS

With the stroke of a bureaucrat's pen, New Brunswick came into being, and that, from an official point of view, is how it all began.



ALEXANDER KEITH'S



1820

VERITAS VINCI  
NOVA SCOTIA  
BREWERY

BIERE

INDIA PALE



# From Attics and Sewing-Rooms

How the high fashions of 1784 became the over-night sensation of New Brunswick's Bicentennial

Parr Town, New Brunswick  
19 January, 1785

To:  
Miss Sarah Elizabeth Winthrop  
West Chester, New York

My dearest Cousin Libby,

How good it was to have your letter and to know that you and all your dear family are well and prospering. Though it is now eighteen months since that we came to this place, I still miss you terribly, and the merry times we used to enjoy together. It pains me yet to think that my dearest Papa and your fond mother, brother and sister that they be, should endure the sundering of their family, and all for some silly matters of state that no one can truly understand.

But I have not written to "weep anew old woes." Rather I must tell you of quite the most splendid thing that has happened since we came here.

Last evening, Governor Carleton gave a grand ball — the first official social event since our landing, for, as he remarked to Papa, now that the hardships of establishing a township are fading, it is time to take up the equally demanding task of re-establishing a polite society!

I had feared I must stay at home with the little ones, but my darling mother prevailed, and Papa agreed that as I am now fifteen I might be presented to society, such as it is.

What a fussing there was in preparation to be sure! A ship had come from London but recently, and, to our great delight, among the cargo were bolts and bolts of the loveliest silks and laces, as well as several little mannequin dolls dressed to show the latest of Paris fashions. Mother says they are not quite modest, but she gave me my way and choice because it was my first great ball.

Oh, dearest Libby, you should have seen your cousin in her open gown and matching petticoat in blue shot silk taffeta all edged with gauze ruffles at the hems and cuffs. I felt such a lady, though the bustle pad did threaten to slip, and wearing a bone corset is such a stiff way to have a shape. (Mother says it is unladylike to mention such things, but I can have no secrets from you, my dearest friend in all the world.)



KAY PARKER

Because it is now quite truly winter, all my finery had to be muffled up in a warm cape as we made our way to the ball and my hands were warm as toast in a fur muff that Papa had made especially for me by Messrs. Dickson, tailors and habit-makers, in Duke Street. But when we arrived, my finery was revealed, and I think there was not a nicer gown to be seen, even though that Emma White (I told you about her in my last letter) thought herself quite the belle in a polonaise of ivory silk with green stripes. It was decorated with brocaded roses which I found much too gaudy, and cut so short that when she danced, her ankles showed quite plainly to any who might wish to see.

When I was presented to Governor Carleton I truly feared that I might stumble over my skirts, but there was no such mishap, and he received me graciously as befits a true military gentleman. With his large, dark eyes and strong features, he was quite the centre of attention with the ladies, though he seemed to prefer to talk of policy with the gentlemen.

It was thus I happened to overhear that plans are even now in preparation to transform our little Parr Town into the City of Saint John. Imagine — a city! We shall no longer feel like castaways in the wilderness. Why there is even to be another settlement built, some distance up-river, called Frederick Town. Poor creatures who shall live there; I'm sure they will feel so . . . so . . . provincial.

Also, I heard it said that the Governor will soon permit American ships to conduct a limited commerce with our port, which means, of course, that our exchange of letters and confidences will proceed ever so much more quickly than it presently does by way of Mr. Hazen's courier through Boston.

Now, dear Libby I must close, for mother insists that I shall finish my needlepoint, though it is such a bore. I remain, ever,

Your loving and affectionate cousin,  
Amy





The foregoing letter was never written, nor does Amy have any existence outside of imagination. Yet, had this fictitious Loyalist lass attended the Lieutenant-Governor's Ball at the Beaverbrook Gallery in Fredericton on March 27th, 1984, or any other of the hundred or so Bicentennial Balls, Dinners, Galas, Teas, and Garden Parties around the province this year, she would have found herself in familiar surroundings, at least so far as fashion was concerned.

In what must be the most wide-spread, spontaneous outbreak of "let's pretend" in New Brunswick history, literally thousands of men, women, and children have spent a significant part of the year dressed up in the costumes of two hundred years ago.

From attic trunks have emerged antique dresses and waistcoats, petticoats and shoe buckles. The quantity and quality of very old clothing still extant was enough to amaze museum experts, but not nearly enough, of course, to satisfy the needs of everyone who wanted to dress in period style. Other resources would have to be tapped.

In anticipation of a demand for costume information, the New Brunswick

Bicentennial Commission had published a small, attractively illustrated brochure entitled "Costume 1784," not as an instruction manual, but with a view to encouraging people to get into the spirit of the occasion by dressing for it. The information whetted appetites for more knowledge. Libraries experienced a sudden run on books about costume, such as Janet Arnold's *Patterns of Fashion*, the *Loyalist Clothing Guide*, of the United Empire Loyalist Association of Canada, and the Shelburne County Museum's *Loyalist Dress in Nova Scotia*. Dressmakers were deluged with requests for fichus and ruffles. Theatrical costume houses as far afield as Toronto found a ready market for the rental of tri-corn hats and knee-breeches. And from Lamèque to St. Stephen the busy hum of sewing machines could be heard far into the night.

In Sackville, a Bicentennial New Year's Eve Ball was planned to start the year of celebrations. Sylvia Yeoman, doyenne of the Keilor House Museum of the Westmorland Historical Society at nearby Dorchester must have answered dozens of requests for advice. "How should I design and assemble a ball gown?" they asked, and, "Can a modern man's shirt be made to look okay for one night just by cutting off the collar?"

To the north, at the provincially operated *Village historique acadien* near Caraquet, Thérèse Thériault and other staff resource people were coping with a similar flood of questions, and responded by planning a series of presentations which would specifically deal with the style of clothing worn by the Acadians of the late 1700's.

With the enthusiastic support of Mayor Andrea Barnett, a number of women in Minto, at the heart of the province, obtained backing which enabled them to sew costumes for just about anyone who wasn't a do-it-yourselfer but would supply the required materials and hold still for measurements.

At King's Landing Historic Settlement, the province's other outstanding historical showplace, director of public relations and marketing Kay Parker foresaw a wave of interest in the making. She, along with education and site officer Mura Toner had prepared a proposal for an extensive costume making programme in the fall of 1983. It seemed a natural project for King's Landing, since the fabric department there was already producing and maintaining an enormous wardrobe of costumes for the site personnel who reenact the daily life of a pioneer village





throughout the extended tourist season.

Their original proposal was turned down, but the public demand for costume know-how was still there to be met. By mid-January, an alternate scheme was ready. At one level, women's groups and other organizations could have a representative from King's Landing give a general talk on period clothing, and how to adapt everyday materials into facsimile costumes. Needless to say, this had a multiplier effect, generating increasing interest and ever more detailed questions. The second level consisted of a more elaborate workshop, offered at a fee of \$24. The workshop sessions, usually under the guidance of fabric department specialists Bonnie Vance, Elva Stairs, and Sharon Fraser, included an introductory slide presentation, a multi-page kit of design and pattern information for seamstresses, a hands-on look at fabric samples, and a demonstration of how to handle authentic details like cartridge pleating.

Word of the workshops spread quickly, and between February and May twenty-four sessions were held, in every region of New Brunswick, attended by an average of 25-30 people per session. Of course, once a personal contact had

been made, it was not surprising to find participants calling or coming in for advice on the finishing touches.

"There was an older man who came to one of the workshops," Bonnie Vance remembers. "He had never handled a needle and thread in his life, and I didn't know if he intended to make something or if he had just come out of curiosity. When he turned up a week or so later and asked me to show him how to sew a gusset in his breeches, I knew we were really making progress."

Those who did not want to go to the extent of making a costume, or having one made, could still dress in high Bicentennial fashion. Rental of costumes provided an unexpected source of extra revenue for many of the province's museums this year. At King's Landing, over \$14,000 had been received in costume rental fees by the end of August, at an average rate of about \$25 per costume for a three-day lease.

There has been no shortage of occasions for wearing period dress throughout the year. Starting with several New Year's Eve costume parties, 1984 has seen at least one, and often several fancy dress dances each week. Then there were the fashion shows — in St. George, Millville, Nackawic, and a host of other towns. Churches

held Bicentennial costume teas. Curlers swept their stones down the ice in costume. And on June 18th, the actual anniversary of the Order-In-Council of King George III which brought New Brunswick into existence, there must surely have been more New Brunswickers in costume than there were New Brunswickers in total two hundred years before.

Curiously, it has been the small communities which have really promoted costume events more than the cities. Perhaps there are fewer competing attractions in the little towns, or perhaps such places are a bit less sophisticated, a bit more tightly-knit, a bit closer to their pioneer roots, and thus more ready to catch the spirit of a good time.

In hamlet and in city alike, however, the spirit was certainly catching. The story is told in Fredericton of an unnamed member of the provincial Cabinet who blustered at New Year's, "You'll never catch me in one of those outfits. I'd feel like a dam' fool!" By Easter, he was decked out in 18th century finery with the best of them, and when asked about his conversion replied, "I had to dress up! Everywhere I went I was the only one in modern dress. I felt like a dam' fool!"



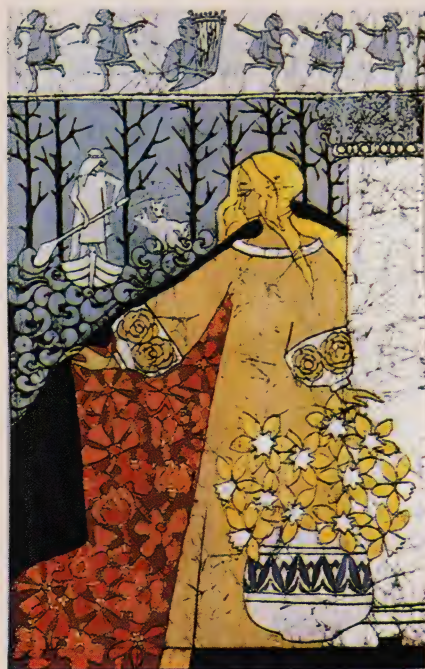
# Artists and Artisans

## *Bicentennial Exhibitions and Awards for Creative New Brunswickers*

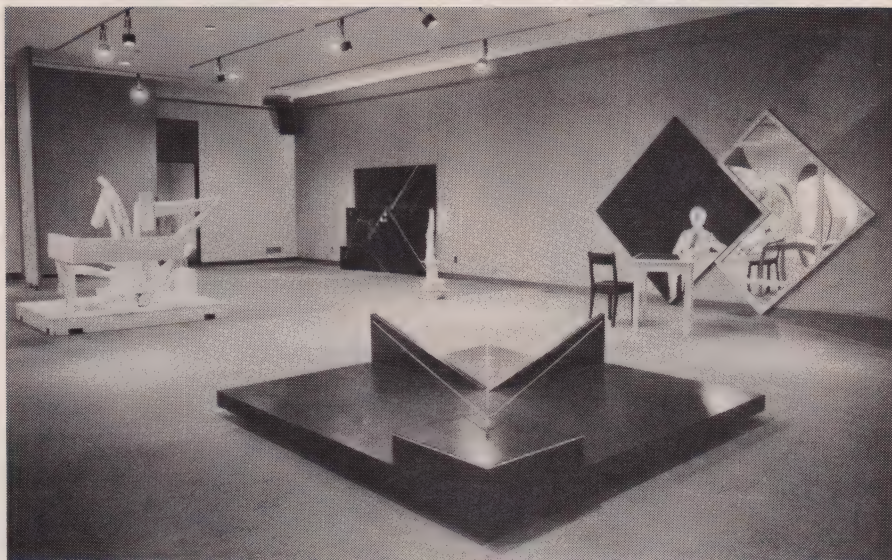
The official headquarters of the New Brunswick Crafts Council occupies one small room on the third floor of an old house long since converted to offices, on Fredericton's Brunswick Street.

Tradition has it that artists do their best work in garrets. Perhaps the same holds true for the administrative arm of the province's artisans. With the door open, there is just enough space for the files, two desks, two chairs, and one visitor. Yet, from this room, where economy of movement, the craftsman's virtue, is a necessity, flow communications which help to sustain one of Canada's most vital creative communities.

The excellence of New Brunswick arts and crafts has long been known to two categories of people: serious collectors, and New Brunswickers. The latter group, whether through good taste or proximity, tends to snap up the best pieces at craft fairs, or by buying directly from the studios. Indeed, George Fry, Director of the New Brunswick Craft School, stated some time ago that over 75% of the crafts produced in the province are purchased by residents. This leaves everyone else, except the serious collectors and those tourists who are discerning enough to make a stop in New Brunswick instead of rushing onward to points East, at a



Batik wall hanging by Tine Upham



"3D-NB200"

distinct disadvantage. They seldom get a chance even to see the best works, let alone acquire them.

That is why it was especially gratifying to New Brunswickers this year to see that a number of art and craft exhibitions, representing some of the best contemporary studio production in the province, were mounted and sent on tour with the assistance of special Bicentennial Commission funding.

Among these shows, one of the most challenging was "3D-NB200," a presentation of the works of 15 contemporary New Brunswick sculptors which was initiated by the Galerie Restigouche in Campbellton. In his introductory note to the exhibition catalogue, gallery director Paul Soucy observed that "it would be impossible to celebrate New Brunswick's bicentennial properly without giving some consideration to the province's present and its future." For viewers whose experience of sculpture had hitherto been limited to the bronze effigies atop public monuments, the works in "3D-NB200" were indeed futuristic, if not disturbing. There could be no doubt, on looking at Patricia Morris Henderson's delicately balanced column of light-refracting plate glass, the totemic forms by Heather Scott, or the austere geometry of Luc Charette's constructions, that New Brunswick sculptors are committed to exploring unfamiliar territory.

Wisely, the Galerie Restigouche programme provided visitors with ample opportunity to join in the exploration them-



Raku-fired vessels by Tom Smith

selves. At the opening on July 29, thirteen of the fifteen artists participated in an outdoor, round-table discussion attended by close to one hundred people. Frequent talks and tours gave gallery-goers an opportunity to move from initial surprise to a more informed appreciation of what they saw, with the result that, as educational programmes coordinator G  rardine Grant explains it, "most went away very satisfied." An added attraction was the presence of one of the artists, Marie-H  l  ne Allain, of Ste.-Marie de Kent, who worked throughout the duration of the show in Campbellton on the creation of a large stone sculpture on the gallery grounds.

After the Campbellton engagement, "3D-NB200" moved to the Mus  e du Madawaska in Edmundston for October, and is currently on display till November 25 at the Galerie d'Art of the University of Moncton. Future stops on the itinerary include Memorial University of Newfoundland in January-February, and the Confederation Centre Gallery in Charlottetown in March-April.

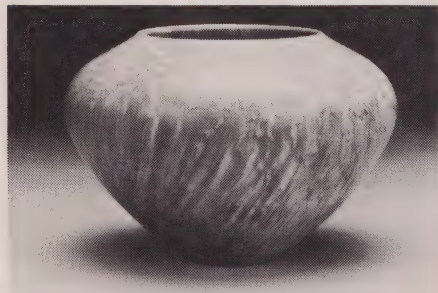
Another Bicentennial exhibition, and



one which demonstrates just how much the once-clear line of demarcation between "art" and "crafts" has become blurred in recent years, is "10 for 200." This show, organized and sent on tour by ten experienced artists and craftspeople from the region of Hampton and Rothesay, combined fabric, clay, bronze, sand, cement, paint, charcoal, and film in an exuberant celebration of two- and three-dimensional creativity. The rich variety of media, as well as the presence of familiar objects alongside the experimental ones, made "10 for 200" a rewarding experience for viewers in Saint John, Moncton and Fredericton.

The finale to an outstanding year of exhibitions is "Celebration 200!", a juried touring show of some of the very best work by members of the New Brunswick Crafts Council. Funding from the Bicentennial Commission and the Department of Historical and Cultural Resources has permitted the Crafts Council to undertake an ambitious touring schedule which should ensure that everyone in the province will have a chance to see it.

The year-long itinerary outlined by Sabine Campbell at the Crafts Council office takes "Celebration 200!" from its October 24 opening in Fredericton to Edmundston (Nov. 21-Dec. 16), Chatham (Jan. '85), and Bathurst (Feb.), then on to Sackville's Owens Art Gallery, the McCain Memorial Library in Florenceville, Saint Andrew's, and Moncton, before appearing at the Saint John Trade and Convention Centre next August in conjunction with the Canada Summer Games.



**Wooden bowl by Gordon Dunphy**

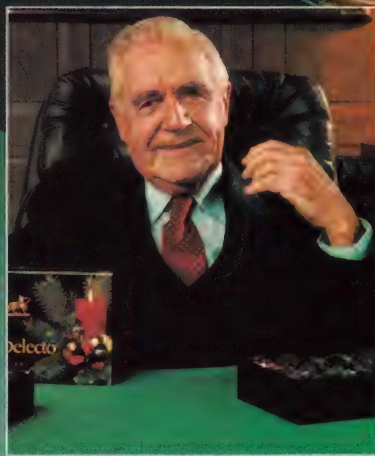
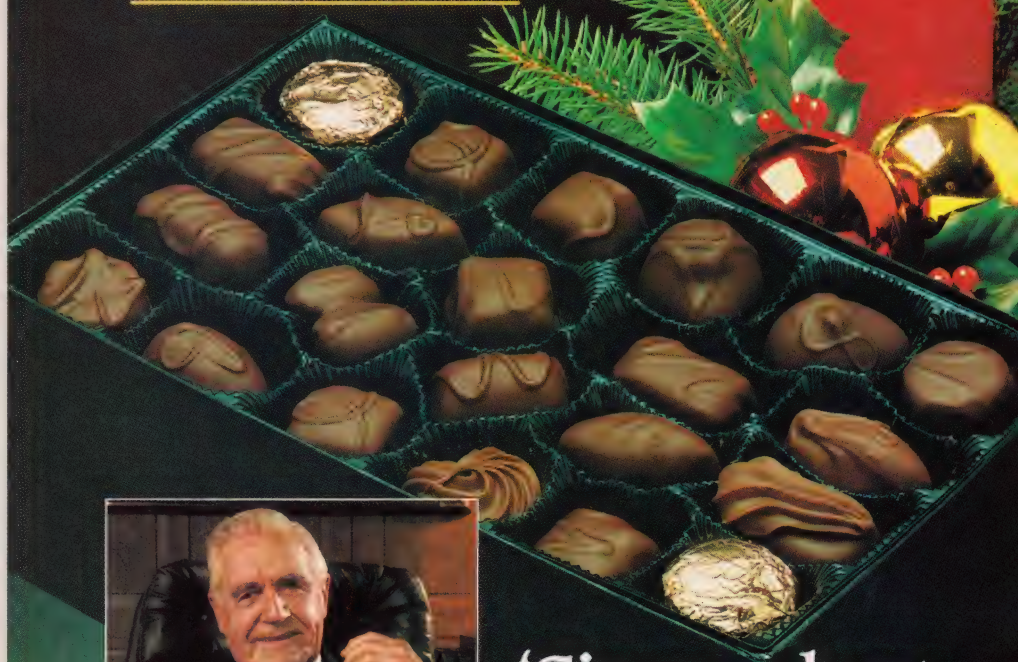
Visitors at all these locations will be able to admire a collection of works which fully justify New Brunswick's reputation as a centre of excellence in crafts. The show includes a wooden bowl turned by Gordon Dunphy of Taymouth, N.B., from a section of a 200-year-old maple tree, which was selected by the jury for the CBC Purchase Award, and "Persephone's Return," a striking batik wall-hanging which won the Co-op Atlantic Purchase Award for Tine Upham of Sussex.

For potter and ceramic artist Tom Smith, 1984 has been doubly rewarding. Not only did his set of burnished, raku-fired vessels take the Premier's Prize for the best entry in the Crafts Council exhibition; he was also the recipient of the Deichmann Award for Crafts, one of five special awards in recognition of excellence in the arts which were presented by the provincial government as a climax to the Bicentennial cultural programme.

Smith was in distinguished company. Acadian poet and novelist Ronald Després received the Pascal Poirier Award for

French literature, while Fredericton historian and poet Alfred G. Bailey was honoured with the Alden Nowlan Award for literature in English. The Miller Britain Award in recognition of outstanding contribution to the visual arts went to sculptress Yvette Bisson, and the Bourque-Manny Award for the performing arts was granted to Janis Kalnins, long-time composer, conductor, teacher, choirmaster and organist, of Fredericton. In addition to a certificate of honour, each recipient received a prize of \$2,000 at the awards ceremony in the Legislative Assembly.

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# Organizing New Brunswick's Birthday Party

*The Bicentennial spirit sprang from the hearts of the people, but behind the scenes hard working organizers helped it all happen*

PHOTOS BY HARRY MULLIN



By the time 1984 draws to a close, the people of New Brunswick will have spent more time contemplating, enjoying, and celebrating their province than anyone would have thought possible a mere twelve months before. The Bicentennial has been a smashing success, and the positive energies it has unleashed have the potential to serve the province well in the future.

Without any doubt the essential, festive spirit was there all along in the hearts of the population. The spontaneity and enthusiasm with which ordinary people put on fancy costumes, gathered to sing, dance and feast at family reunions and community picnics, visited museums, cheered at sports events, fairs, and concerts, and generally had an old-fashioned good time could never be artificially induced.

And yet, a year-long festival on such a massive scale is not something that just happens. Behind the scenes, several thousand individuals devoted countless hours of hard work to make everything run smoothly. To appreciate the enormity of the task, consider a few statistics. More than 1,000 local Bicentennial organizing committees were set up by volunteers in virtually every community in the province. More than 750 special projects ap-

plied for funding assistance from the provincial and federal governments. Over 100 books by, for, and about New Brunswickers were published. And the list could go on and on.

At the centre of all this activity was the New Brunswick Bicentennial Commission, a body set up by act of the provincial legislature with a specific mandate to coordinate celebrations throughout the province. Under the chairmanship of Alfred Landry of Shediac, the nine-



Edith Butler at a gala dinner at UNB

member commission included Rhéal Bérubé, Moncton; Germain Blanchard, Caraquet; Donald D'Amours, Edmundston; Mrs. Marion McCain, Florenceville; Farrell McCarthy, Newcastle; Dr. Peter Paul, Woodstock; Joseph Streeter, Saint John; and Mrs. Jean Williamson, St. Andrews. Executive Director Winfield Hackett was responsible for the execution and administration of the commis-



Lt.-Gov. & Mrs. Stanley greet guests

sion's programme and of the budget of \$5 million provided in equal shares by the province and the federal government.

Early in the life of the commission a decision was taken to concentrate efforts primarily in four areas or programmes: municipal grants to enable communities to initiate their own festivities; the publications programme (described in detail elsewhere in this issue); the family reunion programme; and the special projects programme, in which close to three quarters of a million dollars was distributed to assist organizations and individuals in marking the Bicentennial in some special way. Special projects were defined as activities having a provincial or regional scope which would help to unite all aspects of New Brunswick society.

The variety of projects submitted was a tribute to the ingenuity of New Brunswickers. In Caraquet, where residents were celebrating the bicentennial of their town as well as that of the province, a series of balls, plays, and the unveiling of two commemorative monuments kept everyone busy. From Saint John came a plan to mount and tour an exhibition of sixty cartoons by six of New Brunswick's favourite newspaper cartoonists on the political, economic and cultural scene.

During the year, CFB Gagetown pre-



sented concerts in 10 New Brunswick towns and cities. A total of 160 civilian and military musicians participated in this tour: the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment, *la musique du 22<sup>e</sup> régiment royal*, military pipers, the University of Moncton choir, and a variety of New Brunswick's best performers. The concerts reflected the province's bilingual heritage and historic military associations, and were judged by audiences to be one of the highlights of the entertainment year.

In conjunction with the annual Acadian Craft Festival, the *Société culturelle régionale* Dieppe-Moncton (Dieppe-Moncton Regional Cultural Society) organized an Acadian Heritage Festival. Here the public had the chance to discover the vitality of Acadian culture by attending plays and concerts, learning about the history of the Acadian flag, and tasting traditional Acadian dishes.

Although the Irish have long been one of the principal ethnic groups contributing to the development of New Brunswick, it was not until the Bicentennial that this fact was widely proclaimed. In July, the Irish-Canadian Cultural Association organized Canada's first Irish Festival. Canadians and Americans of Irish descent gathered in Chatham for a week of games, crafts, books, music and dancing. A colourful poster map depicting the Irish presence in the province was published. And on an island in the Miramichi River a Celtic stone cross was raised in memory of many an Irish immigrant



Premier Hatfield & Alfred Landry, Q.C., Chairman, Bicentennial Commission

of the last century who died there in quarantine while waiting for admittance to the new land.

In all, the Bicentennial Commission approved the distribution of \$725,000 among close to 400 special projects, in amounts ranging from \$100 to help the Senior Citizens' Club of St. Léolin in Gloucester County celebrate the opening of their library, to \$30,000 towards

the costs of producing a film about New Brunswick's Indian heritage. While a few film and theatrical projects required relatively large sums, the vast majority of sponsors asked for and got modest amounts of money and stretched it to meet their needs. And that was all right, for modest amounts were just what was needed to ensure that a good time was had by all.



Celebrating the first day of New Brunswick's 200th birthday year: the Hillsborough choir sings in Fredericton



## Corporate Salutes

When New Brunswick premier Richard Hatfield announced provincial plans for the province's Bicentennial he made it abundantly clear that the event was to be first and foremost a "people's" celebration. No enormous capital grants were to be made for the construction of monuments enshrining either history, or the politicians who might hope to secure their place in it. Instead, the \$5 million budget for the Bicentennial Commission, (provided in equal shares by the governments of New Brunswick and Canada) was to be distributed as widely as possible among local communities and individuals in support of a host of grass-roots events which would enable virtually every New Brunswicker to participate.

From the beginning of the year it was evident that individual citizens had every intention of participating with enthusiasm. What was somewhat less clear was the role to be played by the corporate citizens of the province. New Brunswick's private sector companies have traditionally held pretty staunchly to the philosophy that "the business of business is business." Would they unbend and join in the fun with the ordinary people? As



NBTel voyageurs on the Saint John River

it turned out, some did, and some did not.

At the community level, local merchants and business people were frequently among the most enthusiastic of Bicentennial boosters, providing hot dogs and soft drinks for picnics, helping with floats for parades, decorating their windows in keeping with the 200th anniversary theme, and lending their organizational and management skills to Bicentennial committees. As active residents, such men and women usually felt a strong commitment to hometown initiatives.

Among the larger corporations, participation was less consistent. For many,

business in 1984 was simply business as usual, with the challenge of recovery from the recession taking precedence over any birthday party. Others, however, took the time to mark the occasion with gestures that ranged from token greetings in an advertisement to some highly creative and useful contributions.

One of the most basic forms of corporate participation was to display the Bicentennial logo in advertising or on products and packages. Before the year was very much advanced, the striking design appeared on Tim Horton take-out bags, on Baxter Dairies milk cartons, on Coke bottles and cups from Brunswick Bottling

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Ltd., and on Adams Private Stock Canadian Whisky bottled in New Brunswick. CN Rail took the logo display idea a step farther by putting a gleaming white box car bearing the Bicentennial symbol into service on the rails to carry its anniversary message all across Canada. Local bicentennial planning committees in need of fund-raising assistance were able to benefit from a project conceived by Northumberland Co-op Dairies in the form of a special calendar (printed with the ubiquitous logo) which the company distributed for resale by the voluntary, non-profit groups.

Among crown corporations, Canada Post observed New Brunswick's birthday with the launching of a commemorative stamp, while CBC-Radio Canada devoted more national air time to the province than it had in a long, long time. The "people's broadcaster" included in its salute the production of six promotional vignettes on New Brunswick, three locally produced episodes of Canada's oldest living TV quiz show, "Front Page Challenge," and a Classical Gala Concert in

Fredericton's Playhouse, as well as a variety of other activities.

Petro-Canada made a singularly helpful contribution by compiling, printing, and distributing a handy pocket calendar of Bicentennial events. The booklet, produced at a cost of about \$65,000, was a valued aid to residents and tourists alike when it came to getting information about a multitude of local celebrations. Also in the travel industry, Air Maritime provided passes to assist in the promotion of Bicentennial activities. And a \$30,000 grant from Imperial Oil Ltd. went a long way towards the successful launching of Theatre New Brunswick's light-hearted touring entertainment, "Bagatelle," a show which delighted audiences around the province and as far afield as Toronto.

But among corporate participants, perhaps it was NBTel which, in the end, deserved special kudos for the variety and imagination of its Bicentennial observances. By now surely everyone in the province has seen the special cover on the company's 1984 telephone directories, depicting the hand-written Order-in-

Council of June 18, 1774, by which King George III signed into existence the Province of New Brunswick. Less well-known is NBTel's sponsorship of a 15-day canoe trip down the Saint John River from its headwaters to Fredericton. The voyageurs, mostly company personnel, wore period costume, paddled old-style freighter canoes, and presented facsimile copies of the Order-in-Council to the communities where they stopped along the way. Besides this, the telephone company aided and abetted over 35 local projects undertaken by its employees. Drawing and essay contests sponsored by NBTel encouraged elementary school students to give thought to the Bicentennial theme, and at the high school level, the company presented sixty-seven \$200 bursaries to high school graduates of the class of 1984.

Just good public relations tactics? To the thousands of New Brunswickers whose Bicentennial Year was enriched by projects of the kind reported here, corporate participation meant a whole lot more than that!

## Public Transport — Miramichi Style

Practically since their foundation, the twin ports of Newcastle and Chatham have pursued a friendly rivalry back and forth across the Miramichi River. Last May that tradition was maintained in Bicentennial style when Mayor Bowes of Chatham wagered that Newcastle couldn't outdo his town in its turnout for

National Participation Day. If the unthinkable were to happen, he stated, he would wheel his Newcastle counterpart, John Creaghan, around the Town Square in a wheelbarrow.

Newcastle won the Participation contest handily, and true to his word a grinning Mayor Bowes trundled the triumphant Mayor Creaghan through the Newcastle streets to the cheers of jubilant citizens.



## Designed from the Heart

For 26-year-old Gilles Girard of Sainte-Anne de Madawaska, plans for New Brunswick's Bicentennial began early — in 1979 to be precise. The young craftsman, designer, and research assistant in folklore was then a student at Edmundston's Centre Universitaire St. Louis Maillet. When he learned that the province was sponsoring a contest for a logo to symbolize its 200 years of history, Gilles looked to his roots in Madawaska County for inspiration and came up with the winning concept.

The bold, stylized strokes and eye-catching colours of his design combine a literal statement of the occasion — NB 200 — with symbolic elements representing New Brunswick's past, present, and future. Bright blue and green reflect the influence of the sea, the land, and the

forests in the forging of the province's heritage. The central role of the forest indus-



try is underlined by a spruce tree as a central motif, while the extension of the tree into part of a maple leaf connotes an abiding loyalty to Canada.

The logo as it appears today is somewhat altered visually from the original submission. According to Alfred Landry, chairman of the New Brunswick Bicentennial Commission, a professional graphic design firm was engaged to make refinements which would allow it to be more readily adaptable to a wide variety of applications ranging from provincial stationery to flags, lapel pins, and licensed commercial uses. Gilles Girard's original theme remains central to the finished logo, however, and his heartfelt affection for the natural and human harmonies of his province can be seen far and wide.





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# Let a Hundred Flags Fly!

No doubt it was bound to happen. With all the pomp and circumstance surrounding the Bicentennial, a few symbolic slip-ups were almost inevitable, and when it was discovered that the provincial coat of arms was improperly adorned with the Royal crown... well, it was pretty clear that there were gremlins at work.

The great New Brunswick flag debate followed space, and although there were a few ruffled feathers here and there, it is a tribute to the common sense, and good humour of the province and its people that harsh words and hurt feelings over the perennial questions of language and culture were few and fast forgotten. At the age of 200, one can afford a growing flexibility.

The broadside ballad has a long and honourable history in New Brunswick, from the docks of Saint John to the lumber camps of the Miramichi. It seems like the proper and fitting form in which to commemorate the lighter side of the Bicentennial.

## A Clash of Symbols

Now gather near, ye citizens of fair  
New Brunswick's land.  
And lend an ear, ye denizens of forest,  
farm, and strand;  
A tale I'll tell how it befell, in  
the Bicentennial Year,  
That the winds of fate stirred up  
debate round the symbols we hold  
dear.

It is no joke that the gentle folk who  
dwell in Frederick Town.  
Have treasured for two centuries the  
regal British Crown.  
Imagine then their deep chagrin when  
they heard the dreadful news:  
The crown on New Brunswick's coat-  
of-arms was a protocol abuse.

The crown looked well, for quite a  
spell, atop New Brunswick's shield  
Till an English sage, in heraldic rage,  
told Premier Hatfield,  
"Only the Queen or her delegate may  
use the crown like this!"  
Which proves, though travel's  
broadening, yet ignorance was bliss.



DENNIS MILLS

The turmoil died. But yet, each tide  
that ebbs must also flood.  
The Fates were vexed and found  
pretext to stir provincial blood  
A second time. New Brunswick's  
clime breeds patriots perennial,  
And April showers drew cheers and  
glowers for Acadia's flag's centennial

The government, without dissent, was  
happy to agree  
To mark the date and celebrate le  
drapeau d'Acadie.  
Tri-coloured bars and golden stars  
appeared to public view  
Beside New Brunswick's banner and  
the Maple Leaf so true.

From Beaver Brook to Woolastook  
and down in old Saint John  
The Loyalist roots put forth new  
shoots, tradition's hold was strong.  
In righteous tones the Empire's sons  
(and daughters) answered back.  
"We'll not be missed, we must insist  
you fly the Union Jack!"

Debate held sway through all of May.  
In June the change was thorough  
For see, above, the banner of the  
Duke of Edinburgh!  
In hot July the summer sky wore  
green, the hue of Nature  
As the Irish flew, for all to view, their  
flag o'er the Legislature.

To each his own. The flags we've  
flown, in their brave particularity,  
Have drawn some shots, but at last  
our thoughts can be tempered by  
hilarity.  
At the country fairs we'll all take  
dares on the game of peas and  
thimbles,  
And strike up the band for  
New Brunswick's fair land  
— but beware of the clash of symbols!



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# A Bicentennial Bookshelf

After the ball is over, when the Bicentennial ballyhoo has come to an end and the period costumes are packed away with the fond memories of 1984, at least one token of New Brunswick's 200th birthday celebrations will remain for the enjoyment of posterity. Through the Bicentennial Commission's Publications Programme the literature of the province will have been enriched by the release into distribution of as many as 100 new books by or about New Brunswickers.

The works range in size from pamphlets to respectably thick, hard-bound volumes, and in subject matter from memoirs and biographies to history, fiction, and poetry.

To tell the truth, the appeal of seeing their works in print seems to have tempted incipient New Brunswick authors even in the earliest of pioneer days. Ever since 1603, when Champlain published his account of the discovery and attempted settlement of Isle Ste. Croix, the residents of these shores have shown a marked preference for the pen over the sword as a means of getting their

point across. All through the 19th Century, settlers and travellers, governors and garrison commanders took the time to record their observations of the new land, its scenery, prospects, folklore and superb fishing, and in the process must have contributed considerably to the profits of their London and Edinburgh publishers.

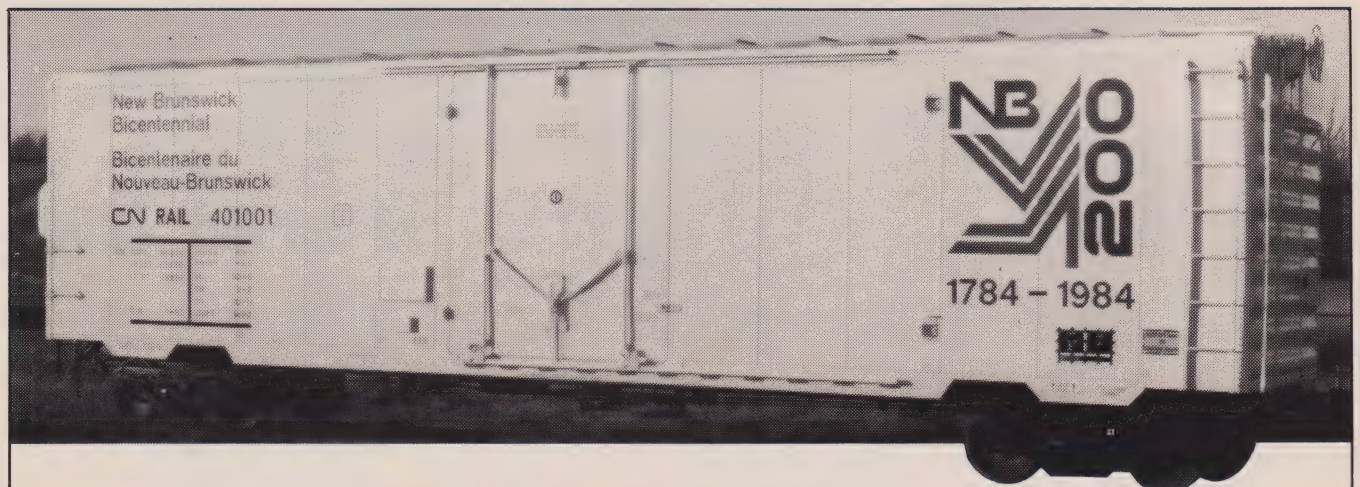
By the turn of the century, the publishers were more apt to be in Halifax, Saint John, Montreal or Toronto, and a new regional and national confidence was being expressed in the tales and verse of writers such as Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts. In recent years, novelist David Adams Richards and the late poet Alden Nowlan have been but two among many who have preserved and extended New Brunswick's presence on the Canadian literary scene.

Yet, it is not the well-known writers alone who contribute to the literature of a society. The pioneer recorders of daily life a century and more ago have their modern counterparts, and to these

authors the Bicentennial has represented a unique opportunity to find a public outlet for their works.

The occasion came in the form of an announcement by Bicentennial Commission Chairman Alfred Landry that a sum of \$200,000 would be earmarked by the province to assist publishers and community organizations wishing to publish a book as a Bicentennial project. Funding would be provided in two ways: through an expansion of the existing Publishers' Assistance Programme administered by the Department of Historical and Cultural Resources and tailored to aid established New Brunswick publishers; and through a "Companion" Programme aimed at helping new publishers and community sponsors. In the latter category, publishers outside the province could also qualify for assistance if they were engaged in projects which were deemed to make a genuine contribution to the spirit of the Bicentennial celebrations.

The response was enthusiastic.



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Although no tidal wave of hidden manuscripts was to break over the administrators' desks, a steady stream of proposals followed the announcement, and by the year's end it appears likely that 100 or more new titles will have found their way to libraries' and booksellers' shelves.

Submissions were received from all corners of the province, and from all sorts of sponsors. The Grand Falls Historical Society wanted to undertake a pictorial history of their community. A cookbook (one of many) was proposed by the Bay du Vin Womens' Institute. A "sample of



Cummings: Encouraging N.B. publications

New Brunswick's journalistic literature" found favour with the Shediac, Botsford and Dundas Bicentennial Committee, while the Nashwaak Bicentennial Association sought assistance in publishing selected poems by Glenn Pond.

Nor were the Acadian communities of the province slow to come forward with projects. The parish of Saint-Timothée de Shemogue had a community history to publish; les Dames d'Acadie of Caraquet, a treasury of recipes; the Shediac school board, a collection of verse by children — "nos jeunes poètes."

To Rick Cummings, coordinator of the Companion Programme, and in his own right the proprietor of the whimsically named Non-Entity Press, both the variety and the quality of the submissions were cause for particular satisfaction.

"To date," he explains, "our panel of readers has been able to recommend approval of around eighty per cent of the projects submitted. And English and French manuscripts came in and were accepted pretty much in proportion to the population of the two language groups."

His one regret?

"I feel that, at the start, there wasn't enough done to publicize the programme. We didn't push it. If we had, who knows what precious old manuscript might have been found in somebody's attic trunk."

Regardless of whether that old manuscript is still waiting to be discovered or not, the new ones unearthed, published, and released give good grounds for provincial pride. Many are outstanding both in the originality of concept and in the quality of execution.

Historian Mary Peck's *The Bitter with the Sweet*, is a fine example of how well-told segments and vignettes from a community's history can illuminate the whole more palatably than a wealth of scholarly detail.

*845 Kingston Peninsula*, a volume of pencil sketches by Judith Baxter, is another title which should find a popular reception in many homes. So, too, should *That the Past May Live*, a reprint of the late Martha V. Johnston's memoirs of her childhood at Stanley, N.B., in the 1860's and 70's, complete with her own charming pen-and-ink illustrations.

And among the most noteworthy projects must be numbered the one sponsored by the Literacy Council of Fredericton. This group, dedicated to overcoming adult illiteracy, combined the resources of a Summer Youth Employment grant and the Bicentennial Publications Programme to produce not one, but 33 little, easy-to-read books for use in their teaching. The topics for adult beginning readers range from the King's Landing Historic Settlement to the Rape Crisis Centre, with lots of lighter material in between.

What the Bicentennial Publications Programme will mean to New Brunswick writers and publishers in the long run is difficult to predict. Certainly the infusion of cash into the province's small publishing industry has sparked real interest. As Suzanne Alexander of the Publishers' Assistance Programme points out, it has enabled her department to more than triple the maximum size of its grants to \$5000 from a previous high of \$1500.

However, she foresees another benefit as well.

"Because of all the interest and emphasis that the programme has created," she says, "it has encouraged a lot of bookstores to stock New Brunswick books — some for the first time, and definitely in greater numbers.

It's difficult to say yet whether this will

just be a Bicentennial phenomenon, but I hope that out of it will develop better ongoing relationships between authors, publishers, and booksellers." ●

## How to Build Your Own Bicentennial Bookshelf

Considerable interest has been expressed by some New Brunswick bibliophiles in the idea of collecting a copy of each and every book published in the province during the Bicentennial Year. For those who find the challenge intriguing, the following is a partial list of authors, titles, and publishers, available at the time this issue went to press. If local libraries and bookstores are unable to help locate sources, the New Brunswick Bicentennial Commission, P.O. Box 1984, Fredericton, N.B. E3B 5H1 may be able to help.

### Bicentennial books published under the Publishers' Assistance Programme:

#### Acadiensis Press

Bailey, Alfred; *Letters of James and Ellen Robb*

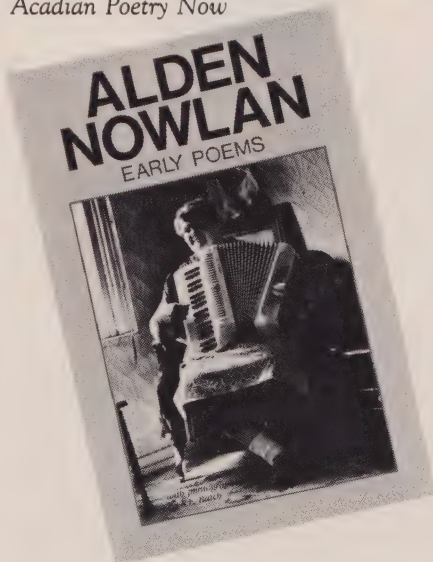
Saunders, J.N.; *Judges of New Brunswick*

#### Brook Farm Books

Tompkins, J.; *New Brunswick Profiles*

#### Editions Perce-neige

*la Poésie Acadienne Contemporaine/ Acadian Poetry Now*



#### Fiddlehead Poetry Books

Hawkes, R.; *Paradigms*

Lochhead, D.; *The Panic Field*

Nowlan, A.; *Early Poems*

Welch, L.; *From the Songs of the Artisans*



## Editions d'Acadie

Maillet, M.; *Histoire de la littérature acadienne*

Basque, M. and R. Bourgeois; *Lamèque, des origines à nos jours*

Brun, R.; *Pionniers de la nouvelle acadie*

Chiasson, H.; *Claude Roussel: sculpteur*

## Bicentennial books published under the Companion

### Programme

(approved prior to August 1st; not necessarily released yet)

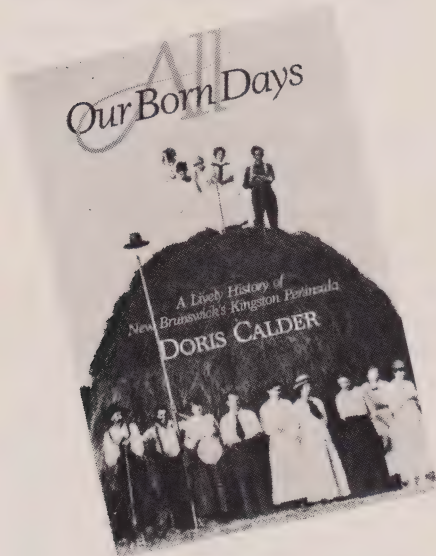
### History

Allaby, Eric; *Grand Manan*

Bateman, Lulu; *A Sample of New Brunswick's Journalistic Literature*

Basque, M.; *Deux siècles de particularismes — une histoire de Tracadie*

Black, Joan; *History of Douglstown*



Calder, Doris; *All Our Born Days*  
Cunningham, R.J. and R. Maybee; *Tall Ships and Master Mariners*

Cyr, Sr. Marguerite; *St.-Léonard-Parent: 130 années d'histoire*

DeMerchant, E.B.; *From Humble Beginnings: The Story of N.B. Agriculture*  
Doak, Robert; *An Illustrated History of Rothesay 1784-1920*

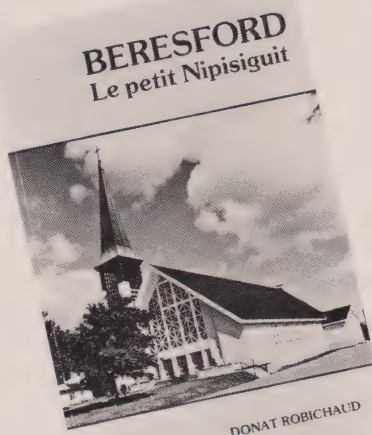
Facey-Crowther, D.R.; *The New Brunswick Militia: Comm. Officers List*  
Freeman, D. J. and R. E. Sullivan; *Heritage Headlines*

Gaudet, Gustave; *La vallée de Memramcook: hier-aujourd'hui*

Hanson, Linda S.; *History of the Associated Alumnae (UNB)*

Johnston, Martha V.; *That the Past May Live*

Labelle, Ronald; *Au village-du-bois: vie traditionnelle acadienne. Inventaire des sources en folklore acadien*



LeBlanc, R.G.; *La fondation du N.-B. au temps d'Antoine Gagnon*

Léger, Monique T.; *Recueil de souvenirs Maxwell, Lilian; Outline of Central N.B. to the Time of Confederation*

MacManus, G.E.; *Postmasters, Post Offices and Postmarks of N.B.*

MacNutt, W.; *New Brunswick: A History 1784-1867*

Michaud, M.-R. and T. Poitras; *140 ans d'histoire de Siégas*

Peck, Mary; *The Bitter with the Sweet*  
Reicker, M.; *A Time There Was — Abandoned Settlements, Queen's Co.*

Reed, Marcus; *Bristol, N.B. 1876-1976*  
Reid, John; *Mount Allison University: A History to 1963*

Rigby, C.; *The Old St. Andrew's Road, vol. 2*

Robichaud, D.; *Dictionnaire Biographique du N.-B.; Beresford, le petit Nipisiquit*  
Stanley, Della M.; *Louis Robichaud — a Decade of Power*

Surette, Paul; *Le grand Petcoudiac*

Taylor, George; *A History of Salisbury 1774-1984*

Trueman, Stuart; *The Ordeal of John Gyles*

## Chimoungoui



Monographie personnelle  
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various authors; *Chimoungui — 230 années d'histoire*

## Cookbooks

Edwards, Ellen M.; *Heritage of Home Cooking*

Harrison, W. and R. Levitt; *The Kitchens of Saint John*

Love, Karen; *Fiddleheads Instead*  
various authors; *De notre cuisine à votre table*

*Bicentennial Ethnic Cookbook*

*Let's Celebrate; 200 Ways to Please*

*Out of Old Miramichi Kitchens*

*The Womens' Institute Cookbook*

## Poetry

Cooper, Allan; *Bending the Branch*

Love, Darlene; *Gypsy Dance*

Pond, Glenn; *Selected Verse*

various; *Poemerie - nos jeunes poètes*



## Miscellaneous

Gibbs, Robert; *A Mouth Organ for Angels* (fiction)

Passaris, C. ed.; *The New Brunswick Economy: Prospects and Retrospects*  
various; *the New Brunswick Collection of Scottish Dances; Easy Reading for Adults* (33 pamphlets)

...and more to come!

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# The New Brunswick Bicentennial

Public involvement in the bicentennial programs and activities to commemorate the 200th anniversary of New Brunswick was the key to the success of our 1984 celebrations.

People of all ages participated in activities in various communities of New Brunswick marking their heritage and fostering their feeling of belonging. For some it was the discovery of their roots; for others, the discovery of their province.

The research of local history, the making of period costumes, the touring of a new part of the province or the preparation of a family reunion all contributed to the appreciation of the legacy left by our ancestors. The promotion of our cultural heritage and the drawing closer of bonds of friendship, and, furthermore, the appreciation of the collective efforts for common objectives helped to revive pride in all New Brunswickers.

We appreciate the financial contribution of the federal and provincial governments. Their close cooperation was instrumental in developing the many projects which celebrated New Brunswick's 200th anniversary.

To all New Brunswickers, we hope the feelings of respect and sharing inspired by the celebrations of the bicentennial serve as an inspiration for the future.

# Message à l'occasion du bicentenaire du Nouveau-Brunswick

La participation populaire aux programmes et activités commémorant le 200<sup>e</sup> anniversaire du Nouveau-Brunswick est l'élément essentiel du succès des fêtes de 1984.

Les résidents se sont impliqués dans une multitude d'activités communautaires mettant en valeur leur patrimoine et développant leur sens d'appartenance. Pour les uns, ce fut la découverte de leurs racines; pour les autres, la découverte de leur province.

La recherche de l'histoire locale, la confection de costumes d'époque, la visite d'un nouveau coin de la province ou encore l'organisation d'une réunion de famille ont permis d'apprécier davantage l'immense richesse léguée par les ancêtres. La mise en valeur de l'héritage culturel, le resserrement des liens d'amitié et, plus encore, l'appréciation des efforts collectifs en vue d'objectifs communs ont contribué à raviver la fierté de tous les Néo-Brunswickois.

Nous avons apprécié la participation financière des gouvernements fédéral et provincial à nos célébrations. Leur étroite collaboration a encouragé la tenue de nombreux projets marquant le bicentenaire du Nouveau-Brunswick.

A tous les Néo-Brunswickois, nous souhaitons que les sentiments de partage et de respect inspirés par les festivités du bicentenaire servent d'inspiration pour l'avenir.

## 1984

The New Brunswick  
Bicentennial  
A year of discovery

Le bicentenaire du  
Nouveau-Brunswick  
une année de découverte

Richard B. Hatfield  
Premier  
Province of New Brunswick  
Alfred Landry, Q.C.  
Chairman of the New Brunswick  
Bicentennial Commission



1784-1984

Richard B. Hatfield  
Le premier ministre  
du Nouveau-Brunswick  
Alfred Landry, c.r.  
le président de la Commission  
du bicentenaire du Nouveau-Brunswick





# FAMILY FEAST

*For those special times,  
you plan  
a special dinner,  
to celebrate  
old memories  
new hopes,  
the joys of being together.*

*The centre-piece?  
What else but  
tender turkey.  
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A feast for all senses.  
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a stream of new products?" Javorek, who travels to Japan twice a year, points out that up to 400 new food products are introduced on the Japanese market each year and the competition is fierce. He says that despite the image of the Japanese as being culturally inward and resistant to imports, in some ways "they're more American than the Americans. New products fascinate them. And they're very inventive. They do all kinds of things with them."

Javorek also points out that though the Japanese market tends to be intriguing, it is in fact not the only one available. The European market, which was developed earlier, still takes most of the Atlantic Provinces' overseas exports. But even in Europe more than blueberries are being sold. There's something for the European imagination as well. The advertising there shows gentle fields drenched in blue, evoking a benign and spacious wildness. "We show nature and stress the word 'wild,'" according to Gordon Kinsman, director of marketing for the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture. "The Europeans love that."

Getting into Japan in the first place was no easy task. "The Japanese market is complicated like you wouldn't believe," says Javorek. Import houses had to be approached to forward the goods, iron out

currency fluctuations, handle insurance and so on. Then the Japanese processors had to be visited over and over again to get them interested and to show them what to do — until, suddenly, they caught on with a vengeance.

In Europe it was different, because there was already a native blueberry (or bilberry) industry, though not a large one. Javorek, a Czech "married to a Cape Bretoner," as he puts it, worked originally in the European food industry. Using his contacts, Graves was the first to ship to Europe in the late 1950s. Then in 1972 Oxford Frozen Foods sent over the first container. Now over 500 containers make their way to Europe annually, landing at Hamburg.

West Germany takes most of the berries, but some now make their way to most of the other countries of Europe — including Sweden, which has the largest bilberry production. Other markets — the Middle East, Pacific rim countries besides Japan, and Australia — are being pursued by east coast exporters, making blueberries a product that is becoming known worldwide.

Most of the overseas shipments come from Nova Scotia, where provincial fruit growers got ahead of the game ten years ago by purchasing 60 refrigerated containers. An increasing number of berries

from the other provinces make it overseas, but these others sell mostly to the traditional American buyers. Both Nova Scotia, at 20 million pounds last year, and New Brunswick, at nine million, have more than doubled their production in five years. P.E.I. has remained steady at about 750,000 pounds, while Newfoundland, at 1.4 million last year, and Quebec, at 7.8 million, tend to fluctuate wildly. However, the largest producer by far is Maine, where nearly 45 million pounds were gathered last year on its sandy central barrens. Last year's total production for the provinces and Maine was a bumper crop of 83 million pounds; drought and frosts may reduce this year's to 50 million.

Nevertheless, the search for new markets will continue, though "the era of markets doubling and redoubling is clearly over," says Javorek. In fact, he points out, one market that needs to be looked after is the local one. Blueberries may be available in 25 forms in Japan, but in Canada, and specifically in the Atlantic Provinces, they're sometimes available in one form — fresh — and sometimes not. The companies are moving to make them available to restaurants, hotels, supermarkets and the like year-round.

Meanwhile an exciting development has occurred in the science of growing



Harvesting lowbush berries: up to 15 tons an acre



Blueberry queens Krista Morris and Masako Hayashi



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## MARKETING

blueberries. Wild berries are indeed wild, though growers prune them, usually by burning, and may use insecticides. Now, however, they're being grown in rows like strawberries as a result of selective breeding experiments at the Kentville research station of Agriculture Canada.

*Selective  
breeding, world  
markets, a  
Japanese  
blueberry queen  
— it's a long  
way from the  
ragtag, backyard  
affair that was  
the blueberry  
business as  
recently as 20  
years ago*

"We went to the fields and selected the best plants," says Dr. Ivan Hall, the project leader. "We chose 600 to 1,000 plants we felt were outstanding. Some were good enough to name."

The best was named the "Blomidon." Up to 15 tons of berries may now be harvested from a cultivated acre, compared to two tons per acre for the best wild fields. Cultivated lowbush berries (not to be confused with the highbush, which are entirely cultivated, and grown mostly in the U.S.A.) ripen earlier than in the wild, and are bigger. There are only a few acres in production now, but more and more growers are planting them.

Hall says that these berries — which are nearly as large as the highbush berries, but with the sweeter wild taste — will likely be sold fresh on the North American market, while the purely wild ones will continue to be shipped overseas. Smaller berries have certain advantages when it comes to processing, he says. The larger ones tend to mush up more easily. "A big blueberry in a muffin, for example, tends to be an exploded blob."

Selective breeding, world markets, a Japanese blueberry queen — it's a long way from the ragtag, backyard affair that was the blueberry business as recently as 20 years ago. The Atlantic region could use a few more success stories like this one.





## REGIONAL TRAVEL

### Old Saint John lives!

*The Admiral Beatty Hotel may have fallen into disgrace, but visitors soon detect a new vibrancy in Canada's oldest incorporated city*

by David Scott

**C**lean new flags snap overhead in an invigorating, salt-laced breeze, while a military band thumps out Colonel Bogey's March from the freshly painted bandshell. And from the har-

bour, still spooky with wraiths of lingering fog, comes a no-nonsense blast from the horn of a saltie nearing dockside, warning smaller craft of its presence.

It's Sunday morning in Canada's

first incorporated city and the sun is just beginning to burn through the blanket of overnight fog which had turned the Loyalist City into a wide-screen-movie set for a Jack the Ripper pants-wetter. The pretty people of Saint John and environs are gathering for brunches and lunches in one of the Maritimes' most idyllic dining settings. They're wearing their designer jeans, Bermuda shorts they bought in Bermuda, and brightly colored shirts and sports ensembles. You know they're not to be confused with the tourists as they greet one another by name; a peck on the cheek here, a hug





there. And they settle on chairs at tables shaded by sun umbrellas in the patios outside their favorite of seven spiffy new restaurant-bars that overlook the Edwardian band shell, Market Slip and the tugboat *Ocean Hawk II*, refurbished as an adult's playhouse.

The old tug has ended her days of bullying monstrous ships to their berths, and her decks now creak under the soft padding of Italian loafers as the players prowl her decks seeking old or new friends with whom to share cocktails, gossip, sea food, laughter and dance music.

Like everything else in this most historic quarter of one of Canada's most historic places, the *Ocean Hawk II* is all gussied up. She's probably prettier today than when she was launched more than four decades ago to earn her keep by ser-

viceing the ships of the world, which have been calling here for more than two centuries.

On the patios of the restaurants facing the *Ocean Hawk II* and a slice of the harbour, you can linger over lunch, have afternoon tea or cocktails, dinner, or while away the evening with drinks and conversation, watching the other people watching people.

The restaurants have snappy names such as Bojangles, Lovin' Spoonful, Digger's Seaside Diner, Lighthouse Pub, Baldy's, The Grape Vine, and Grannan's Raw Oyster Lounge. And the young people who take the drink and food orders and serve the tables are all freshly scrubbed, bright and cheerful. They like what they're doing and they want to share that enthusiasm with patrons.

The people here on this Sunday are going to spend 10 to 20 dollars on their lunch of scallops or salmon or scampi and the almost obligatory iced bottles of James Ready or Schooner beer. They're here in their casual finery, and they'll swap yarns throughout the afternoon.

The rebirth of Saint John's Market Square is an impressive thing. It's not just the bricked walkways, outdoor restaurants, the old tug and the restored country store and school house that sit on the far side of the bandshell from the restaurants. It's a \$100 million development that includes a 45,000-square-foot trade and convention centre, a new civic and regional library and a retail mall with 66 shops, office space, food and beverage establishments and underground parking for 700 cars.





It starts at the harbour with a brand-new, 200-room Hilton International Hotel of red brick that blends with the 150-year-old buildings of Market Square to which it's linked by underground passageways. A continuing network of passageways — at ground level, underground, and above ground — link the Hilton with most of downtown Saint John: you need not step outside to get to the Trade and Convention Centre, Market Square, City Hall, the 255-room Delta Brunswick Inn, Brunswick Square, and City Market. That's a distance of about six city blocks — or for those who have visited the city and recall its downtown layout, that's from the harbour all the way up King Street to the top of the hill, King Square, in front of the old Admiral Beatty Hotel.

When you get up to King Square on a warm afternoon, you return to the real world. The old Admiral Beatty Hotel, which used to dominate the square like a grand dame whose subjects were tolerantly granted use of its formal gardens — the main city square — now appears shrunken beside new office buildings. It's grimy after years of taking the city's dust and smoke in the face, and boarded up. The grand old dame is an embarrassment to the city it once served with haughty aplomb. Its former customers forsook the Admiral Beatty for the modern luxuries of the Delta, the Hilton, Keddy's, Howard Johnson's, and the Holiday Inn. Nobody knows what will happen to the Admiral Beatty, and you sense that the people at the Chamber of Commerce office wish

that you hadn't noticed, and that you hadn't asked.

King Square hasn't changed in half a century, except that the magnificent old shade trees now cover almost all of the mini-park with a welcome shade on a drowsy afternoon when the temperature and humidity are both nudging 90. There are precious few places left on the dark green benches that line most walkways around and through the park, and which most of the habitués believe they own since many spend a dozen hours a day there — every day when it isn't raining or too cold to sit outside.

**Market Square waterfront sports the *Ocean Hawk II*. L: Edwardian bandstand in historic King Square. R: Enjoying the outdoor patios on Market Slip**



## REGIONAL TRAVEL

If you let the neighbor on your bench start the conversation, you can gradually steer it to just about any topic you want, just so long as it isn't too esoteric. You'll learn what the city government is doing wrong; you'll soon be privy to the errors of the provincial government, and if you have the time, you'll learn why Canada threw out the Liberal government last month and elected that man with the strong chin from Quebec up there in Upper Canada. You can get on to just about any topic around the benches here, from job creation schemes to why the city ought to build a spaceport to make visits easier for visitors from other planets.

King Square is a good starting point if you want to wander Saint John to soak up its Loyalist background, Victorian and other styles of architecture, or its merchant heritage. The square itself is as interesting as many of its habitués; it's one of four squares included in the original town plan. The site was cleared in 1847 and laid out in a Union Jack pattern. The two-storey bandstand in its centre was donated in 1909 by the City Coronet Band as a "memorial to Edward VII, King Emperor, 1901-1910." The City of Saint John operates a tourist information centre on Sydney Street, just across from the square, and here you can get brochures for self-guided tours past

homes and buildings evocative of architectural or commercial periods in the city's history.

The tours are the Loyalist Trail, the Victorian Stroll, and Prince William's Walk. Each tour takes about 90 minutes — longer, obviously, if you get sidetracked in some of the boutiques, special-interest museums, or other time-gobblers along the way. You may also overlap the tours to take in most of the key features in a two-hour stroll.

The Loyalist Trail takes you through the heart of downtown Saint John, starting from the old courthouse across from King Square. You'll see buildings and sites that have earned a place in the city's history book, including the Old City Market, the Loyalist Burial Ground, Trinity Church (which houses the Royal Coat of Arms), Loyalist House, Saint John's Stone Church and Barbour's General Store. You'll end up down on Market Slip, where the Loyalists landed in 1783 and where the crew of the *Ocean Hawk II*, now waits to welcome you aboard for a meal or light refreshment.

Prince William's Walk is down Prince William Street and back by Germain Street, and today's visitors have the great fire of 1877 to thank for the abundance of splendid Victorian buildings still well maintained and in use today. That fire roared through almost all of the

south end of Saint John, wiping out many houses and most of the business district. To prevent a recurrence of that disaster, residents and businessmen turned from wood to stone and brick when they rebuilt and, as a result, Saint John has today one of the continent's finest complete sections of Victorian buildings. If you decide to take this walk, make it a stroll instead of a walk so you'll have time to look up at the intricate stonework, the ornate detailing of old wood and brick, and the twisted gargoyles and weathered stone faces that stare back at you as you stroll these historic streets.

The Victorian Stroll is through the areas of the city's best post-fire Victorian architecture. It also starts at King Square but heads off east and winds through residential streets of mainly Victorian design.

There are some must-see sights around the core of this historic city. Facing King Square is the old County Courthouse, built in 1829. It has fluted pilasters and a pediment on the upper floors, making it reminiscent of a Greek temple — considered an appropriate characteristic of public buildings at that time. Inside, there's a three-storey spiral staircase rising in a graceful circular sweep which was built circa 1825 from more than 100 tons of free-stone quarried

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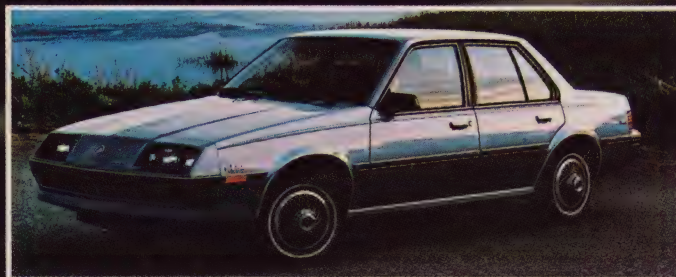
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in Scotland. Each of the 49 steps is cut from a solid block of stone and fitted without the support of a central pillar.

The Loyalist burial grounds, just across King Street East from the courthouse, make for interesting browsing. The oldest headstone dates from 1784 and the others date up to 1848, when the burial grounds were closed by an act of the legislature. A meteor-like clump in the northwest corner of the burial grounds is believed to be the remains of some contents of a hardware store destroyed in the great fire of 1877.

A lot of Canadian cities have operating farmers' markets, but the one here is the oldest common-law market in Canada and was authorized in 1785 by the Royal Charter of Incorporation from King George III. It spans an entire city block between Charlotte and Germain streets, and bustles with activity year-round, six days a week. Here's where to find fresh-cooked lobster to sneak into one's hotel room for a late-night snack, or where to put together a picnic to take to a nearby beach during the day. There are local cheeses, fresh vegetables and fruits, all manner of seafood, and even bags of dulce to confound your Upper Canadian friends (to whom you might mail gift bags, without any explanation!).

The present Old City Market was built in 1876 of hand-hewn timbers and its roof looks like an inverted galley hull. It comes by that appearance honestly, having been

built by shipbuilders who used no nails but, instead, dove-tail joinery reinforced by wooden pegs. There's an impressive set of iron gates made by a local blacksmith firm in 1880 for this market, believed the oldest building of its kind still in use in Canada.

Depending on the time you have available to explore Saint John, there's more than Market Square, the city core architecture and the characters loafing around King Square. There's the New Brunswick Telephone Museum where you can talk over an old magneto telephone and see many telephone artifacts from the days of Alexander Graham Bell. There's also the New Brunswick Museum, Canada's oldest public museum and one of the country's finest, which for more than a century has collected and studied artifacts from the wide spectrum of human and natural life in the province.

On Magazine Street in the city's north end is the reconstructed blockhouse of Fort Howe, a building that served as the city's first jail in 1785 after a peace treaty was signed with the Indians. The site of Fort Howe provides a panoramic view of the city and is an ideal vantage point for photographers. On the west side of the city is a circular stone coastal defence fortification, Carleton Martello Tower, one of 16 such buildings constructed in North America by the British in the early years of the 19th century. The tower is 160 feet in circumference with 30-foot-

high walls varying in thickness from five to eight feet, and is one of very few such towers remaining in Canada today.

No first-time visit to Saint John is complete without seeing the world-famous Reversing Falls. Don't expect to see something like Niagara Falls, and, whatever you do, don't ask any of the attendants at what time they next plan to reverse the falls! The phenomenon is caused by the world's highest tides, which occur in the Bay of Fundy, into which the 450-mile-long Saint John River empties. At low tide in the bay, the tidal waters are 14 feet below the river level, and the might of the Saint John River system thunders through a narrow gorge and into the harbour. As the tide rises, the river waters are gradually calmed, and then reversed in direction by the high tides in the Bay of Fundy, which ultimately rise to 14 feet above the river level.

The phenomenon is best appreciated by two visits to the river, nicknamed "The Rhine of America," at different times of the day: once when the tide is going out and later when it's coming back in. A good water-level vantage point from which to view the falls is Fallsview Park, not far from the Reversing Falls Visitor Information Centre, where a 12-minute film presentation explaining the falls may be viewed.

Saint John has the full range of shopping facilities and hotel and motel accommodations, restaurants of all kinds

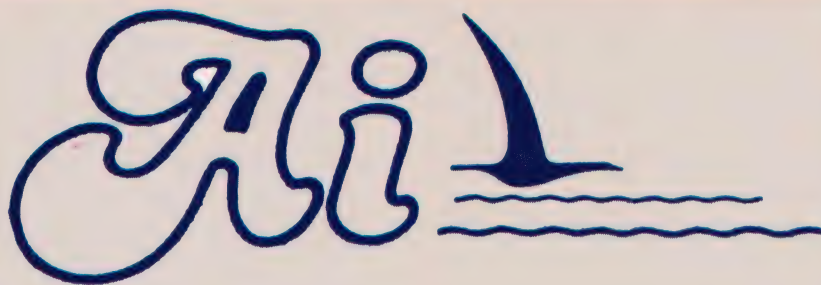


## Buick Skyhawk

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## REGIONAL TRAVEL



Life blends with art in Market Square

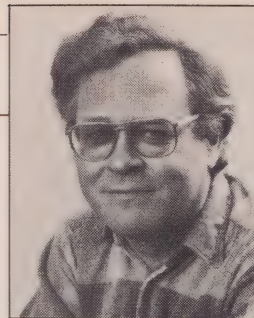
for all budgets, a horse racetrack, and Atlantic Canada's only major zoo, with more than 100 animals from 26 species. The city's biggest special event is Loyalist Days, held during the third week of July each year. This unique celebration marks the arrival of the Loyalists in 1783, and one of the week's highlights is a pageant re-enacting the historic landing. The week of special activities starts with a 40-mile whaler race across the Bay of Fundy from Digby, N.S., and continues with special events every day and night. Loyalist Days are concluded with a mammoth bonfire atop Fort Howe.

From any point on whatever walking tour the visitor has elected to follow, odds are good the delights of Market Slip will beckon, particularly when the feet start reminding you that they're not used to a few extra kilometres of cement sidewalks. Market Slip is downhill from just about anywhere in Saint John.

On this hot Sunday afternoon down at Market Slip, the band has switched to a more contemporary and lively number, and there's a bounce in the step of the well-dressed, white-haired couple who have come to claim their place in the sun and dawdle over a luncheon treat. Their waiter tells the visitor at the next table he can't have a beer without food on Sunday. He can have a beer, but he'll have to "rent" a sandwich for an extra dollar. When it's that hot and humid you don't mind the dollar, but the situation makes you realize that Canada's oldest incorporated city is obviously moving into the 21st century faster than the legislature of New Brunswick.

In any case, it's pleasant to sit and soak up this now-vibrant city that only a decade ago could have qualified as Canada's dirtiest, most defeated-looking city, though populated by some of Canada's friendliest people. You should see it now!





## It's tough to "be a man" in '84

*There must be some explanation for the "depression, lack of energy, malaise, feelings of alienation" and so on experienced these days. Perhaps they can be blamed on all the new chemicals we are being exposed to. Or perhaps on our changing sexual roles*

I was wondering what was wrong with me, and now I know. I'm a victim of what psychologist Joel Butler calls "a chemical cloud around us that is a bigger threat than the nuclear threat." Butler works at North Texas State University, and his statement suggests that even in the field of nightmarish prophecy no Texan likes to be outdone. Still, I can't dismiss his theory. After all, he's an authority on clinical ecology, which concerns itself with environmentally related diseases. He must know what he's talking about. Damn. Just when I'd learned to live with the possibility of nuclear war incinerating all humanity, along comes Butler with this even worse "threat" to keep me awake in the small hours.

It turns out that our planet is already so poisonous that people with both physical and psychological ailments may simply be reacting to something in their environment or food. In short, you can't eat, breathe, report for work, or walk in a park without risking damage to your body or mind. I like it here on Earth. I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be. But if Butler is right, this place is just plain bad for me. It's rife with horrid allergies.

Not that allergies are new. In *All About Allergy*, M. Coleman Harris and Norman Shure, both doctors, say that Egyptian hieroglyphics indicate it was an allergic reaction to a hornet bite that killed King Menes nearly 5,000 years ago. The Roman philosopher Lucretius said, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison"; and 2,000-odd years later, I pity those who can't eat a scallop without puking and breaking out in hives. In 1565, a medical authority named Botallus wrote, "I know men who, at the smell of roses, were seized with loathing, as to be subject to headaches, or a sneezing fit, or a running of the nostrils, so that for two days it could not be stopped. . . . I know, likewise, of a woman who, at the smell of must, would fall over, collapse . . . be forced to vomit, or have a severe headache."

What's happening in this century, however, is that allergic reactions have ceased being remarkable for their strangeness and have instead become horribly commonplace. We can adapt to new

factors in our environment, but apparently to only so many. Industry, however, assaults us with hordes of new chemicals each year, and our reeling bodies just can't adjust to them all. Butler says, "There have been thousands of new compounds added to the environment in this century." The result? "*Most people* (italics mine) have acquired some food and chemical allergies." Most people can only mean billions of people, and the news story that quoted Butler and described the symptoms of food and chemical sensitivities made it brutally clear that I am

---

*"I thought it was just a matter of not eating quiche, but it's far more complicated than that"*

---

strong among them.

How else do I explain my suffering "depression, lack of energy, malaise, feelings of alienation and bizarre bodily sensations"? It's enough to turn a man to drink. I've tried that, of course, but unfortunately rum tends to intensify my depression, lack of energy, malaise, feelings of alienation, and especially my bizarre bodily sensations. The distillers must be putting some nasty new chemical additive in their booze.

Butler described a woman who was treated for narcolepsy — a disease with

fits of somnolence — because she fell asleep after meals. But it turned out she wasn't a true narcoleptic. Tests showed that something in chicken made her uncontrollably drowsy, and she loved chicken so much she ate it nearly every day. Eggs and ice cream both contain natural substances that, among some people, create sensitivities. Instead of waking you up, Butler said, an egg for breakfast may make you sleepy.

"People with food allergies often crave the very things they react to," he explained, and that's certainly the case with me and my rum. To make matters worse, eating the same food all the time may actually create "an addictive food reaction." Butler recommends rotating your favorite foods, and I could try rotating my rum with whisky, gin, tequila and ouzo. Somehow, I just don't think that would cure my malaise.

I'd be better off if I'd never read about the chemical cloud that's worse than the nuclear threat. It's best not to ponder such things. At the University of California, researchers in the sinister-sounding Brain Behaviour Research Centre experimented with guinea pigs and got results suggesting the mere *thought* of something to which you're allergic may set off a reaction in your system. Maybe I'm allergic to newspaper stories about allergies.

Or maybe it's just women who are making me lackluster. Dr. Herbert Freudenberger, a New York authority on success and anxiety, says that as women have defined their goals, gained power and lost their dependence on men, "men have lost their sense of purpose. . . . (they) are in a much more significant state of transition now than women. They are often uncertain, ambivalent about themselves and sometimes quite confused about the meaning of masculinity and what it means to act and 'be a man' in 1984."

I thought it was just a matter of not eating quiche, but it's far more complicated than that. Freudenberger says men must now learn to measure their achievement not just in terms of work but also "as a lover, mate, parent and friend." That's all very well, but it's tough being an ace-hot mate when mysterious chemicals are sapping your vitality, exhausting your precious bodily fluids, and making you feel alienated. The whole challenge gives me a strange craving for one of my favorite foods. I think I'll send out for some fried chicken tonight, and the moment drowsiness strikes, go to bed and pull the covers over my head. ☒





Which of the current books should one select for children? Lorri Neilsen has looked into the question and come up with some good suggestions . . .



# The latest and the greatest in children's literature

*It was a bumper crop year for new books from the Atlantic region and around Canada, sure to please the young and the young at heart*

by Lorri Neilsen

**H**ow can you recognize a good children's book? Is it a glossy, colorfully illustrated story with big print and a bigger price tag? Is it the book your child's school librarian recommends? Or is it that favorite mystery that Uncle Henry gave you to take to camp twenty years ago?

The answer, of course, can be all of the above or none of the above. Simply put, a good children's book is a good book, period. Any child who chooses the same dog-eared tale night after night, or who reads into the wee hours by flashlight, can tell you that.

For a child, the right book at the right time will foster an interest in reading that will last a lifetime, say leading educators. But children like to be given a choice, and finding that "right book" means that you have to be open to what's out there, to realize that good "kid lit," as it's sometimes called, can — and should — take many forms and many voices.

Each year it gets easier to choose quality from the publishers' lists, and the chorus of voices celebrating the boom in Canadian children's literature can be heard from Vancouver to Charlottetown. From bookstores to school libraries, children's writers are drawing standing-room-only crowds to local readings of their works.

"This was a bumper crop year for children's books," says Trudy Carey, a Children's Book Centre "Our Choice" committee member in 1984 and manager of Woozles children's bookstore in Halifax. The crop was particularly good in Atlantic Canada and the West, whose regional publishing houses can now compete page-for-page with the quality of other Canadian and U.S. products.

Highlighting the best of this year's harvest brings us back to where we started: What is a good children's book?

We asked kids what they liked and asked booksellers what sold. Some of the titles named here are current (1983 and 1984) award winners and Children's Book Centre choices, and current favorites of educators and writers. "Good" is, of course, a personal opinion, but some books were so-named more often than others.

These favorites are loosely categorized by their appeal for certain age groups (although your child's taste may run

"younger" or "older"). Toddlers to grandmothers will want to curl up with these stories.

Three illustrated books for the smallest readers could well hang as prints on a gallery wall. Newfoundland's Shawn Steffler has made a fish a work of art in *One Wonderful Fine Day for A Sculpin Named Sam* (text by poet Al Pittman, Breakwater Books, \$8.95). Writer and illustrator Ian Wallace's international reputation is now established with *Chin Chiang and the Dragon's Dance*, a gentle tale of a young Chinese boy's upholding of his cultural traditions (Groundwood, \$10.95). This year's winner of the Howard-Gibbon Illustrator's Award, *Zoom at Sea* by Tim Wynne-Jones, is selling out regularly in the bookstores (Groundwood, \$10.95). The black and white drawings by Ken Nutt tell the tale of an energetic cat who loves water.

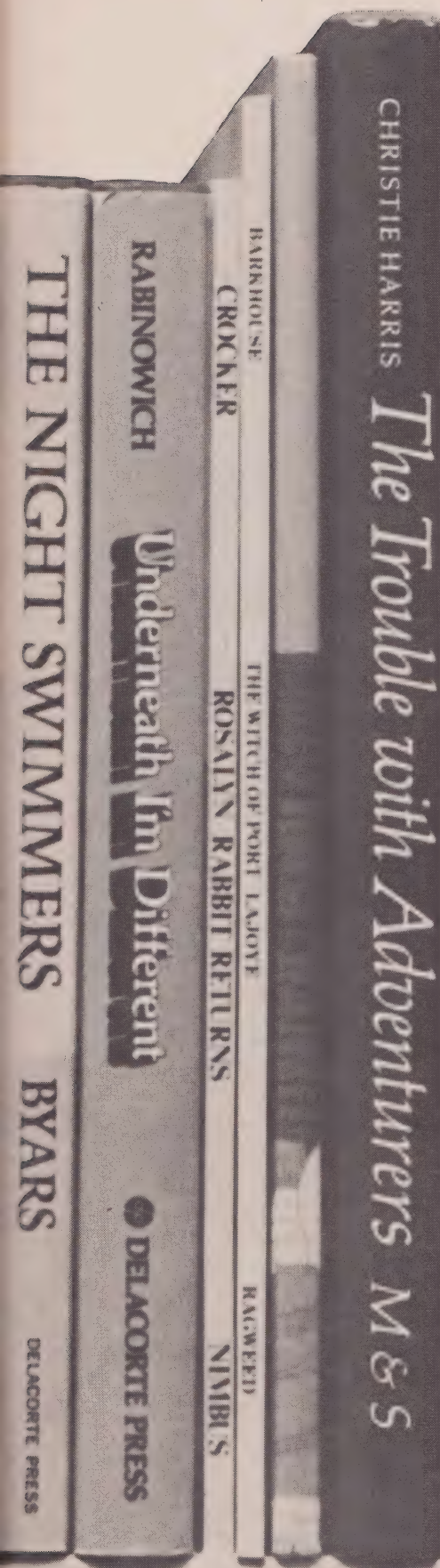
Robert Munsch's wild and witty tales are guaranteed to keep readers wide-eyed and howling with delight. *David's Father* (Annick Press, \$4.95) is one of the best in the Munsch for Kids series (some of which are available on record and tape).

Annick Press, named 1984 Publisher of the Year by the Canadian Booksellers Association, is fast becoming Canada's leading children's house. Two of its current offerings, *It's a Good Thing* by Joan Buchanan, and *When You Were Little and I Was Big* by Priscilla Galloway (both \$4.95), will entertain pre-schoolers.

Annick's 17-year-old sensation, Janet Munsil, has penned *Dinner at Auntie Rose's* (\$4.95), a hilarious reminder of dinner with the relatives: "I hate going to dinner at Auntie Rose's because my Mom sets my hair in curlers and pulls them so tight that my eyes reach the top of my forehead."

Beginning readers will enjoy the simple stories well told in Elizabeth Crocker's *Rosalyn Rabbit Returns* (Nimbus, \$6.95). Rosalyn Rabbit often makes the rounds of Atlantic schools with her author.

Readers past the primary grades will like the fantasy adventure of *Simon Jesse's Journey* by Stan Dragland (Groundwood, \$6.95) and the sit-com humor in *Bugs Potter Live at Nickaninny* (Scholastic TAB, \$2.95). Gordon Korman, author of the Bugs Potter stories, was established as a Canadian children's writer before he was out of his teens. His lightweight and comical adventures are



KEVIN O'REILLY



## BOOKS

an easy way to hook the interest of reluctant young readers.

Children, computers, and change are the subject of Claire Mackay's lively story of Minerva Wright, an awkward and gangly girl whose mother fears computers as much as Min loves them (*The Minerva Program*, Lorimer, \$5.95). Pre-teen readers who like realistic stories will also enjoy Monica Hughes' *My Name is Paula Popowich* (Lorimer, \$5.95). Hughes, an award-winning Western author, is known as much for her prodigious output as for her honest and readable stories.

*Sweetgrass* by Jan Hudson (Tree Frog Press, \$6.95) is the 1984 Canadian Library

Association Children's Book of the Year. This story of a 15-year-old Indian girl also provides an interesting history of the Blackfoot people.

Nova Scotia writer Joyce Barkhouse has spun a version of the Micmac legend about La Belle Marie in *The Witch of Port LaJoye* (Ragweed Press, \$8.95). Suitable for all readers past the primary grades, the story is enhanced by Daphne Irving's soft color illustrations and comes alive the way legend seldom does for young people. So too do the nine Micmac legends told by Alden Nowlan and illustrated by Shirley Bear (*Nine Micmac Legends*, Lancelot Press, \$2.95).

Attractive and readable history is as rare as a well-told legend, but *The Micmac* by Ruth Holmes Whitehead and Harold McGee (Nimbus, \$5.95) will soon be a staple in Atlantic school libraries. Well written and thoroughly researched (Whitehead and illustrator Kathy Kaulbach are with the Nova Scotia Museum), the book is also easy to handle and inviting to the eye — qualities publishers are now

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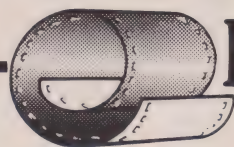
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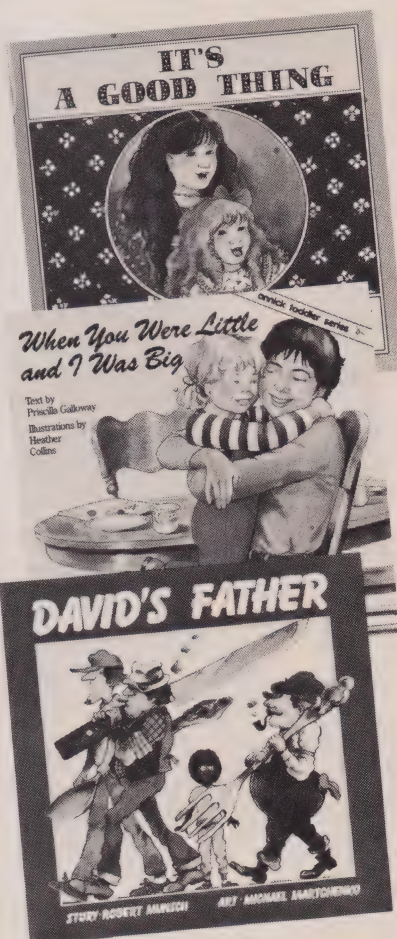
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recognizing as vital to the successful marketing of a children's book.

In fact, some Canadian publishers are following the lead of their U.S. counterparts and producing paperback-size volumes to appeal to junior and senior high school students, who wouldn't be caught dead with a larger, "children's" format in their locker.

Young Adult books ("YA," as they're called) have exploded in number since the American success of the Judy Blume books, and due to the enthusiastic Canadian reception of Barbara Smucker's and Kevin Major's authentic stories for adolescents. This year's best-sellers include the latest by Smucker, *Amish Adventure* (Clarke Irwin, \$8.95), and Marilyn Halvorson's *Cowboys Don't Cry* (Clarke Irwin, \$8.95). Halvorson, a teacher and cattle rancher from Sundre, Alberta, won the Clarke Irwin/Alberta Culture Youth Writing Award for this first novel, a touching account of a teenage boy's

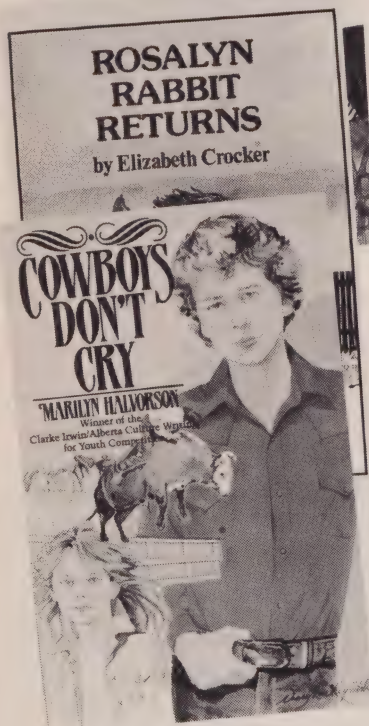


double-edged pain when his mother dies and his father grows distant.

The YA favorite mentioned most often, however, is O. R. Melling's *The Druid's Tune*, a cross-worlds historical fantasy that won the 1984 Young Adult Book Award. First published by Kestrel Books in Canada, it is now available in a Puffin edition for \$3.95. As enchanting as Tolkien and as realistic as the best of the YA fare, *The Druid's Tune* is a challenging and sophisticated story of

## One Wonderful Fine Day for a Sculpin Named Sam


BY AL PITTMAN ILLUSTRATED BY SHAWN STEFFLER



two Canadian teenagers who travel to Ireland and another time and place.

Travelling closer to home for some, children and adults alike will find *City Safari* a treasure trove of activities. Not a storybook, this ambitious and impressive publication is the work of Elizabeth Morantz, who has compiled "1,219 different adventures to share with your children in Halifax, Dartmouth and on day trips outside the two cities." The book, which has been out for a year, costs \$6.95, but most of the activities listed are free.

Travelling between the pages of a good book is still one of the most satisfying and least expensive forms of entertainment for children. This year the fantasies and fictions are plentiful, and the prices for the books are well within reach.

But when you're off on your search through the shelves, don't forget to take a child along as your guide. 

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## THEATRE

# A celebration of survival

*The tenth anniversary of Liverpool's Winds of Change theatre group is proof positive that amateur theatre is alive and well on Nova Scotia's South Shore*

by Denise Brun

**W**hen the curtain goes up on the gala performance of the Winds of Change theatre's presentation of *Curtain Calls* this month, it will be as much a celebration of the fact that live theatre is alive and well on Nova Scotia's South Shore as of the tenth anniversary of the theatre's founding.

The acts chosen to make up this gala event will reflect this double theme. The show will not only be a trip down memory lane for performers and supporters of the theatre, both past and present, but a recognition of the achievement this landmark represents.

As Ted Bairstow of the Nova Scotia Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness points out, "It's important that community theatres are recognized for what they are. People tend to take them for granted, especially when, like the Winds of Change, they have been in operation for as long as ten years."

Liverpool, N.S., has had a long musical tradition. Cultural events, such as the Queen's County musical festival and the Queen's Chorale, regularly brought together people with similar interests. It was through this shared interest in music that the Winds of Change theatre had its genesis.

As Betty Lou Hemeon, a self-described "original," commented, "It started because Liverpool was such a musical town and everyone was thinking how silly it was that we could sing and were talented and not doing anything about it." So a core group of about twenty applied for a government grant to start their own amateur theatre group. Significantly, that grant of \$1500 was their first and last — the group has supported itself financially throughout its ten-year history.

Working out of cramped quarters in the Zion church in Liverpool, the neophyte group's beginnings were far

from auspicious. Catharin Bird and her husband, John, who worked at Neptune Theatre in Halifax for four years, remember those early days. "We just sort of stumbled along and managed to pick up people who came back to town, like John . . . then Bill Zimmerman arrived who had worked as a designer," Catharin laughingly recalls.

Nevertheless, the group's first production, *The Sound of Music*, was an ambitious undertaking. With a cast of fifty on stage, and with fifty people behind the scenes, what the group lacked in theatrical experience was made up for in enthusiasm. That first production proved to be one of the Winds of Change's biggest shows and it played to packed houses every night.

The strength of Winds of Change has as much to do with the calibre of people it attracts as it does with a love of live theatre. It is easy to understand why the group has been so successful when you meet people like Bob and Marilyn Scher, native New Yorkers, who sought an alternative life-style in rural Queen's County and liked it so much they stayed. They became involved with the theatre group's third production, *Guys and Dolls*, and have remained a vibrant force ever since.

The Schers are typical of the kind of family commitment that this nucleus of dedicated theatre lovers has given to



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Scher and Hemeon: celebrating ten years of success

Liverpool. Their son Michael was involved in the theatre at an early age and its influence was significant enough to make him change his career goals. Abandoning his earlier desire to enter medical school, he is now enrolled in the Theatre Arts Department at Dalhousie University.

"The Winds of Change has exposed a lot of families and a lot of children," says Marilyn Scher. "It has always remained very open. If you wanted to try something new, then that was O.K. Kids started as ushers because that was the least scary thing, went into sets and then perhaps tried a walk on."

Members of the group derive as much from their contribution to the community as from their own creative involvement. "Part of our mandate," says Bob Scher, "is to do our own stuff and satisfy our own creative needs. On the other hand, we bring a lot to the community and expose people who might not otherwise have the chance. All of a sud-

den they are there because they have a relative or a neighbor who is in a show ... it's great. We're a real force in the town now." Traditionally, Winds of Change has two shows a year: a drama in the spring and a musical in the autumn. According to Ted Bairstow, part of this group's uniqueness is that the members "seek to stretch their creative talents" by presenting the kind of theatre that one would not normally associate with a community of Liverpool's size. Interspersed with middle of the road crowd pleasers, including *Guys and Dolls*, there have been more esoteric productions such as *Waiting for Godot* and *The Ziggy Effect*. This latter production was a highly experimental work which had not previously been staged in Canada, but has since become fairly standard in theatrical programming. By stretching their talents in this way, the group improves and grows in stature.

It takes sheer gutsy audacity for an amateur theatre group to attempt such a technically ambitious project as the rock opera *Jesus Christ Super Star*, but this is the kind of challenge upon which the Winds of Change has thrived. "We get better with every performance — both technically and creatively," says Bob Scher.

Their innovative approach and consistently high standards have paid off in the kind of rapport they have established with the community. Their desire to

include experimental theatre in their repertoire has been loyally backed by their audiences. "The community is very supportive," says Bob Scher. "On a very slow night, such as with *Godot*, we get maybe 125 to 150 people. What we consider a not-too-swift night by other standards is pretty good."

Having long outgrown their original location, the group now rents the Astor Theatre, a rambling white-shingled structure built at the turn of the century, which

PHOTOS BY PETER BARRIS



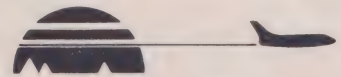
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## THEATRE

doubles as the only movie theatre in Liverpool. Conditions are far from ideal, but the original enthusiasm of the founding members has been passed on to their successors. Never satisfied to rest on its laurels — such as the group's selection for the Nova Scotia Drama League's festival each of the three years it has auditioned — the talk for the future is of branching out into other areas, such as puppetry and candlelight theatre. Optimism and enthusiasm still reign supreme, part of the alchemy that has made the group so successful.

The gala performances are going to be a nostalgic occasion for many people — people like Scott Savage, John Maclean, Louis Stephen and Molly Titus, who have seen their vision for the future become reality. For resource people like Ted Bairstow and Michael Ardenes, whose support nurtured the group to maturity, there must also be a very real sense of accomplishment.

Perhaps, most significantly, there is the pride of the families whose dedication to live theatre over a decade fostered a love of the arts that is reflected most tangibly in a generation of young people who have chosen careers in communications or theatre arts. Their real training "on the job" was with the Winds of Change.

Betty Lou Hemon summarizes the theatre's influence on the community most succinctly: "We are a viable part of the town now." For live theatre in Liverpool, there is no looking back. ☒

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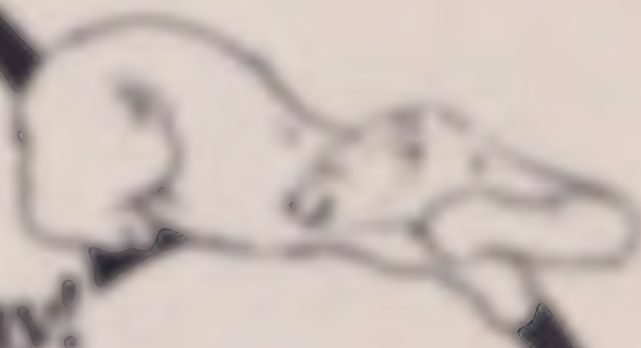
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## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 5)

I appreciated receiving your June and July issues, especially the issue on the Tall Ships (June). The article about Cape Split (July) sold me. My grandson and family had recently walked out 8 miles to this point — which I had never heard of before. My copies are passed on to a sister and then to her son in Mahone Bay. May your magazine prosper.

Jean R. Chittick  
Halifax, N.S.

My very sincere thanks for the lovely book on the Tall Ships. I saw them in Halifax but none of them had their sails up. The event was interesting nonetheless. And it was a beautiful sight the day they left.

Ruth Knowles  
Newport, N.S.

A Nova Scotian friend recently showed me a copy of the *Parade of Sail*, the supplement to the June '84 edition of *Atlantic Insight*. As a model ship builder, I found it a beautiful document of the recent Tall Ships parade that, unfortunately, I was unable to witness.

R. W. Skinner  
Deep River, Ont.

Your delightful magazine supplement, *Parade of Sail*, is a treasure to own. We watched the Tall Ships program on television. I really never expected to own a book on this historic event.

Elizabeth Toy  
St. George, N.B.

I just had to write and thank you for the supplement on the Tall Ships. It was truly beautiful and you deserve a lot of credit for supplying this memento of a unique occasion. Thank you.

Miss C. Farrell  
Toronto, Ont.

To all of you I say thank you very much for sending out the *Parade of Sail* supplement. I thoroughly enjoyed looking through the book — I could imagine how beautiful they must have all looked.

Winifred Evoy  
Neepawa, Man.

I've meant to write for some time — in fact ever since receiving our first copies of *Insight* — to say "thanks" for this intelligent and delightful magazine. It keeps us in touch with our region as no national magazine can hope to (if they hope to!)

and I enjoy the humor of Harry Bruce and Ray Guy — the latter's metaphors especially are beyond price! In June you added an especially thoughtful touch: a magazine depicting the tall ships so recently in Halifax. I was there during the visit of these fabulous vessels and enjoyed the festive air of the whole thing — the ships were fantastic. It is nice to have a piece of memorabilia. Please keep up the high standard of *Atlantic Insight* — we continue to read it from cover to cover (and save it!) and talk of it to our friends. Best wishes for continued success.

Mrs. Keith D. Phinney  
Fredericton, N.B.

### Solar not necessarily less expensive

The title of the article "Solar heating. A proven solution to rising energy costs" (Atlantic HOMES supplement, September 1984) is quite frankly an outright lie. If there had been a question mark at the end, the answer would have to be "NO." Why not determine the cost of the present heating system, the savings presumed and the actual cost of the unit? Capital and operating. Don't forget that the government has to borrow the money it uses for the subsidy.

Stanton T. Friedman  
Nuclear Physicist-Lecturer  
Fredericton, N.B.

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## Seagram's V.O.



# Marvelous mussel power

*Finally, mussels are getting their share of the gastronomic limelight*

by Denise Brun

**T**he common blue mussel, that most modest of mollusks, has never enjoyed the same popularity as its more exotic cousins in the clam family, but it is finally receiving the kudos it so rightly deserves. Long considered gourmet fare in Europe, the mussel has become a gastronomic star in trendy North American restaurants. A bivalve shellfish, the mussel is about two to three inches in length and has an elongated, triangular, blue-black-colored shell. Mussels are common and especially abundant in cooler waters; one often finds extensive clusters of them anchored to rocks along the shoreline.

The mussel is a winner on many counts. It is a delicious and versatile alternative to other seafood, available year-round, an extremely good source of nutrition — and it is inexpensive. The more intrepid gourmet, willing to go to extreme lengths to harvest this shellfish, may even endure the discomfort of frozen fingertips in order to gather mussels at low tide during the winter. For nonpurists, mussels may be purchased in any seafood shop throughout the year, where they carry a modest price tag that averages about 79 cents per pound for wild mussels and 99 cents per pound for the cultivated variety.

Mussels are amazingly versatile. They can be steamed, fried, baked, stewed or used as a substitute in recipes calling for clams or oysters. The taste of mussel meat is a subtle blend of clams and oysters, although somewhat sweeter. This shellfish contains high amounts of proteins, vitamins and minerals, and is low in fat and carbohydrates.

Wild mussels, which are found all along the Atlantic coastline, have been harvested for centuries. Today, cultivated mussels are being commercially farmed for the retail market. A method that uses specially designed collectors suspended in water above the ocean floor promotes rapid growth and produces a cleaner, more meaty mussel. It is simply a matter of taste whether one chooses the wild or cultivated variety. Either way, as with

all shellfish, it is important to ensure optimum freshness by discarding any mussels that are already open or fail to open during the cooking process. Mussels may be kept for five to eight days in the refrigerator. They may also be frozen.

To prepare mussels for cooking, scrub the shell gently and thoroughly in cool running water until all grit and debris is gone. The byssus (sometimes called the "beard"), which consists of strong brown threads, is found between the two shells on the concave side of the mussel and should be removed prior to cooking. The mussels, when cleaned, are ready to be steamed in about a half cup of water or white wine, to be eaten as is, or to be used in a particular recipe. The Nova Scotia Department of Fisheries publishes a number of pamphlets that feature mussel recipes and these are available free upon request.

## Mussels Marinière

4 quarts of mussels  
1/2 cup of white wine  
pepper  
2 chopped spring onions  
butter  
parsley

Clean the mussels well in several changes of water. (Do not let them soak, or they will open and lose their sea water.) Place in a large kettle with pepper, parsley and two chopped spring onions. Pour in the wine. Cover and boil until all the mussels have opened. Stir several times to bring the mussels on the bottom to the surface. Remove them from the pot as soon as they are cooked. Pour the cooking liquid into a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add a large knob of fresh butter and a pinch of chopped parsley. When the liquid has been reduced to half its original volume, pour it over the mussels. Serve immediately. Serves four.

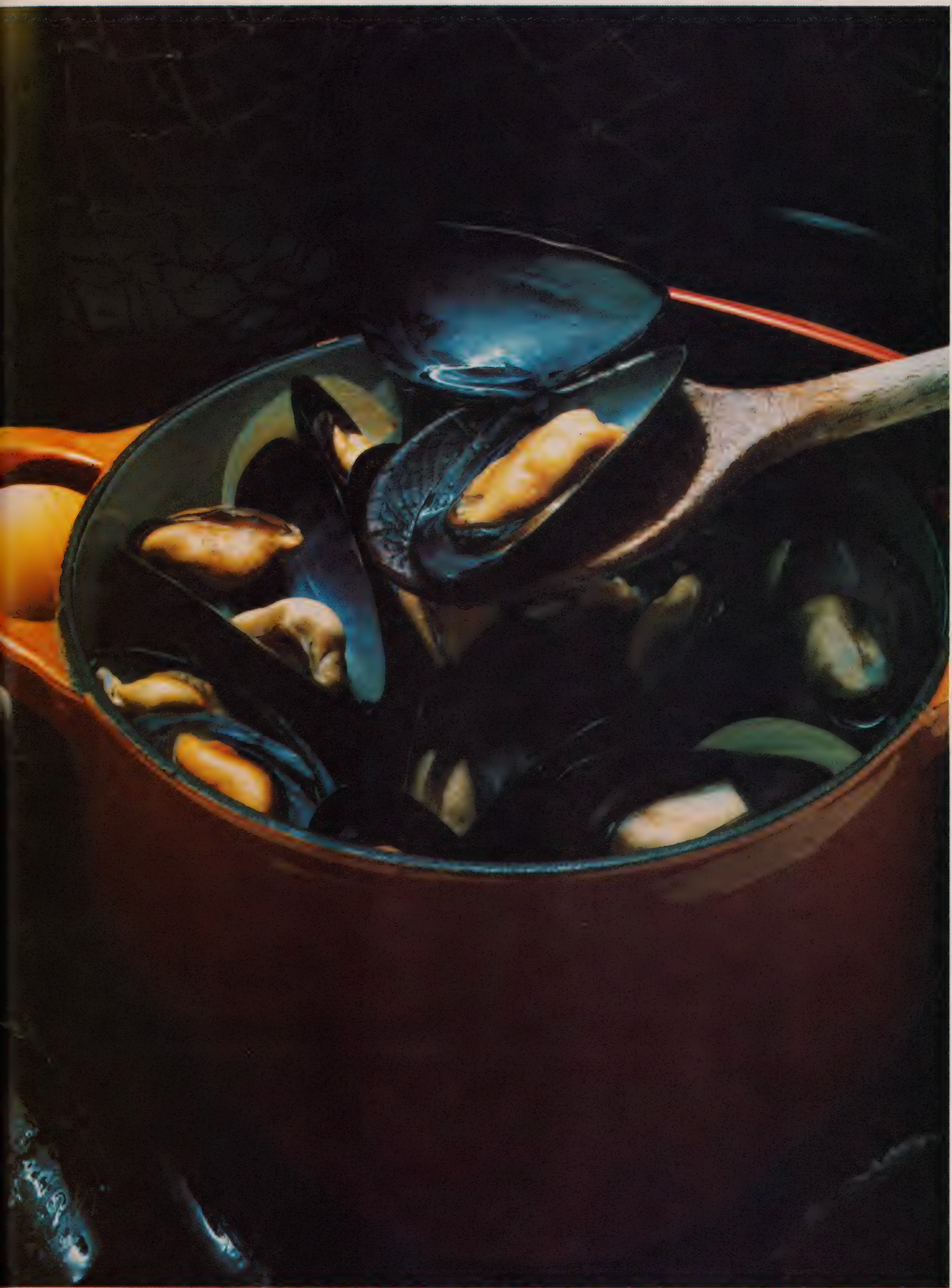
## Mussel Chowder

4-5 lbs. mussels  
1 tbsp. butter  
3/4 cup chopped onion  
2 cups potatoes



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### FOOD

2 tbsp. flour  
4 cups milk  
2 cups light cream  
salt  
pepper

4 strips bacon, fried crisp

Scrub mussels, trim byssus threads, steam open one to two minutes. Remove meats, strain and reserve broth. Add enough hot water to broth to make four cups in total. Melt butter in pot, add onion and sauté until transparent. Add flour and stir to blend thoroughly with fat. Gradually add broth and water mixture. Bring to a boil. Add potatoes, simmer until nearly done, add mussels and gently stir in hot milk and cream. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Garnish with bacon strips.

#### Mussel and Noodle Bake

2 cups mussel meat, cooked & drained  
12 oz. thin noodles, cooked & drained

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter

1 cup sliced mushrooms

2 tbsp. chopped green pepper  
paprika

6 tbsp. flour

4 cups milk

salt & pepper to taste

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup dry white wine (or broth)

$2\frac{1}{2}$  cups grated Swiss cheese

Place cooked mussels and noodles in a four quart casserole. Melt butter in large frying pan. Add mushrooms and green pepper and sauté until tender. Remove from heat and place vegetables in casserole. In remaining butter, blend flour, then milk. Return to low heat, add salt and pepper to taste, stir constantly until thick. Remove from heat, stir in wine (or broth) and pour sauce into casserole. Toss all ingredients to coat with sauce, sprinkle cheese on top and color with paprika. Bake uncovered in preheated 180°C (350°F) oven for 45 minutes. Serves eight.

#### Stuffed Mussels

*These make very attractive and tasty hors d'oeuvres*

2.2 lbs. mussels

3 tbsp. chopped onions

3 tbsp. chopped celery

1 tbsp. chopped green pepper

5 tbsp. butter

3 tbsp. chopped parsley

1 cup toasted bread crumbs

1 tsp. dry mustard

1 tsp. salt

Wash mussels and remove the byssus threads. Steam mussels in half a cup of water or dry white wine for five to seven minutes or until shells open. Remove meat from shells, reserving mussel broth and half shells. Chop meat coarsely. Sauté onion, celery and green pepper in butter until just tender. Add the parsley, toasted bread crumbs and seasonings. Add the chopped mussels and enough of the broth to make a moist mixture. Heap this into the half shells and dot with butter. Serve hot in the shell.





## OCEANS

# The sea urchin connection

*Why, when the empty shells of sea urchins are heaped on the shore, do lobstermen find the trapping good? The mystery of the urchins' demise is unlocking some answers*

**W**ind-rows of bleached sea urchin shells line the beaches of Nova Scotia's Atlantic coast. Underwater, their protective spines drooping haplessly, dead and dying urchins are tossed by wave surges. Unable to cling to the rocks, the animals make easy prey for crabs and other predators.

Since 1980, the death of the urchins "has been virtually complete over an area spanning 400 kilometres of coastline and to the depth of at least 15 metres. Partial mortalities have occurred over another 150 kilometres," reports Dr. Robert Scheibling, a biologist at Dalhousie University.

At the same time, forests of kelp are flourishing, anchored to the same rocks that until recent years held the legions of urchins — voracious little grazers that kept their habitat reduced to an undersea barren. Close to shore, fishermen are finding that lobsters are more abundant than they have been for years.

All this has made scientists and fish-

ermen curious how urchins, lobsters and kelp are linked in the fragile balance of life below the low water line.

The influence of the green sea urchin on seaweed in the "subtidal" zone has long been understood. The urchins, grandiloquently known to science as *Strongylocentrotus droebachiensis*, are small (an urchin with an 8-centimetre diameter is considered large) and slow, but they are well protected by a spiny exterior. They are big eaters and eat anything and everything that comes their way — including lettuce and peanut butter. On the other hand, urchins have remained alive in laboratories for up to a year without food.

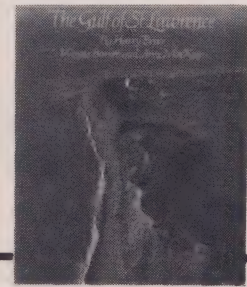
Sea urchins may have no significant predators. This single advantage of urchins over kelp and other seaweed has had one result: destructive grazing by the urchins that leaves the rocks that serve as anchors for both urchins and seaweed almost bare of plant life.

In the fall of 1980, the advantage suddenly began to shift to the kelp. Dr. Rob-



Sea urchins: voracious little grazers that reduce their habitat to an undersea barren

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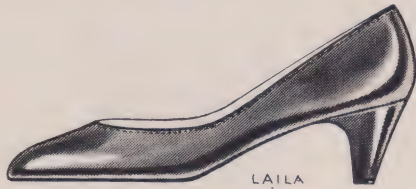
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## OCEANS

ert Miller, a diver, and a biologist at the Fisheries Research Laboratory in Halifax, was one of the first to record the urchin die-off. The first clue had been the observation by divers from Halifax to St. Margaret's Bay of urchins that could no longer cling to the rocks and whose spines no longer jutted outward to form a protective shield from enemies.

By the winter of 1980, all the urchins had died in certain areas. In 1981, Dr. Miller undertook an extensive diving survey that found nearly complete mortality along 870 kilometres of suitably rocky habitat from Medway Harbour in the west to Seaforth in the east.

By the autumn of 1982, increased urchin deaths had been recorded from Bar-

*“Fishermen recall previous times when rows of ‘whore’s eggs’ lined the beaches. The water was warm then too, and the lobster harvest bountiful”*

ington Bay to Louisbourg. At the same time, the beleaguered kelp were making a comeback.

It was soon evident from work done by Dr. Miller, and later by Drs. Robert Scheibling and Gwyneth Jones at Dalhousie University, that the urchins were the victims of a disease borne by seawater. It was found that healthy animals placed downstream of infected ones always got the disease.

At this point the story gets more complicated. As in a good mystery novel, it is difficult to decide who is the real villain.

Two research teams working on the problem each have their own idea. Each believes that it has tentatively identified the micro-organism responsible for the

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disease that is killing the urchins.

A group headed by Dr. M. F. Li at the Fisheries Research Lab accuses a species of *Chlamydia*, a relatively unstudied organism classified somewhere between a virus and a bacterium, while Jones and Scheibling at Dalhousie point their fingers at a species of amoeba of the genus *Paramoeba*. Both groups say they have identified their chosen bug in the tissue of infected animals. And both are now attempting to reinfect healthy animals with their candidate to see if it will induce the known symptoms and bring about the required demise of the urchins — to thus establish that it is, indeed, the guilty party.

Dr. Miller posits a third possibility: "The pathogen could be a third organism, yet unknown. These two organisms might be only secondary infections."

For now the issue is unresolved. To the urchins, spines drooping, tube feet lagging, mouth gaping, it is sufficient that the disease is carried in the seawater, is everywhere along the coast and fatal.

Scientists find more agreement on the role of another factor: the temperature of the seawater. The outbreaks always occur in the fall, especially in September and October when water temperatures are at a yearly high. Laboratory experiments by Dr. Scheibling at Dalhousie have established that both the transmission and progression of the disease increase with temperatures over 10°C. At 16°C, death soon overtakes the entire population. Inspection of seawater temperature records has revealed record annual highs in the autumns of 1980-83, when the disease most recently began showing up.

So either the urchins are more susceptible to infection in the warmer water, or the bug is simply more successful, or both. Dr. Scheibling points out that "the organism may be local, needing only the warmer water to attack the urchins, or it may be foreign, entering the area, say, only with unusual warm water currents."

But what explains the increase in the number of lobsters? As early as 1887, a Halifax lobster packer ventured that "lobsters have to have a kelp bottom. It is only in such a place that they assemble in numbers, their protection being secrecy." Some modern fishermen share this view. And some have told Dr. Scheibling that they recall previous times when rows of "whore's eggs" — as fishermen call the empty shells of dead urchins — lined the beaches. The water was warm then too, and the lobster harvest bountiful.

Dr. Miller cautions that the relationship of kelp to lobster has yet to be scientifically established. "But it is a good hypothesis," he adds. "And the fishermen sample a lot more than we do."

For the time being, the kelp reasserts its dominance, sometimes growing more rapidly than a tropical forest. At the same time, lobstermen enjoy large catches and scientists scramble to learn all they can from the sudden demise of the green sea urchin, an event that has turned the subtidal rocky ecosystem upside down. ☒

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# CALENDAR

## NOVA SCOTIA

Nov. 1 — Nova Dance Theatre presents its "gala" home season premiere at the Sir James Dunn Theatre. Program includes choreography by Francine Boucher and Artistic Director Jeanne Robinson, and features a new work by New York choreographer Beverly Brown. Showtime at 8:30 and reception to follow, Halifax

Nov. 2-4 — Nova Dance Theatre's Home Season run continues at the Sir James Dunn Theatre, nightly at 8:30 p.m. For information telephone 423-6809, Halifax

Nov. 3 — Sixth Annual Zonta Craft Fair: Sale of quality crafts, Truro

Nov. 8-11 — Winds of Change theatre presents *Curtain Calls*, Astor Theatre, Liverpool

Nov. 9-Jan. 2 — "Geoff Butler": A travelling exhibition of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, to be held at the Macdonald Museum, Middleton

Nov. 15-18 — Christmas at the Forum Crafts and Antiques Festival: Sale of antiques and a wide variety of crafts, Halifax

Nov. 20-Dec. 9 — Cumberland Art Association Show and Sale, Amherst

Nov. 22-25 — Christmas Craft Market at the World Trade Centre: Organized by the Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen;

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Nov. 25 — Christmas Craft Show: For information telephone 543-7795 or 543-6237, Bridgewater

Nov. 29-Dec. 2 — Glooscap Country Bazaar: Handcrafts, home baking, woodwork, quilts, etc., Economy

## NEW BRUNSWICK

To November 11 — "Watercolours" by Pat Pellech; "Porcelain" by Karen Burke, Explorations Gallery, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

To November 18 — "Celebration 200!" The New Brunswick Crafts Council celebrates the province's bicentennial year with an exhibit that will include pottery, dolls, clothing, puppets, jewelry, wall hangings and furniture. To be held at the Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

To November 18 — "Wartime Sketches by Bruno Bobak": Exhibit of watercolors, drawings and oils that were executed while Bobak served during World War II as an official war artist with the Canadian army. This exhibit is toured with assistance from U.N.B.'s Creative Arts Committee, the U.N.B. Art Centre and the N.B. Bicentennial Commission.

To be held at the Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 8-10 — Seventh Annual Autumn Antiques Showsale, Moncton Mall, Moncton

Nov. 16 — Hillsborough School Choir, under director Ruth Schiller, 8:00 p.m. at the Woodstock High School Theatre, Woodstock

Nov. 17 — Annual Santa Claus Parade: 11:00 a.m., through uptown Saint John

Nov. 17-Dec. 16 — "Mixed Media & Collage" by Tony Graser, Explorations Gallery, Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 28-30 — Theatre New Brunswick presents *Scrooge*: Nov. 26 at Edmundston; Nov. 27 at Campbellton; Nov. 28 at Bathurst; Nov. 29 at Chatham/Newcastle; Nov. 30 at Moncton

Nov. 29-Jan. 6 — "Fredericton: The Celestial City": Photographs, maps, artifacts and documents portraying the city of Fredericton as it was during its centennial year in 1885. This exhibit is sponsored jointly by the bicentennial office of the City of Fredericton and the National Exhibition Centre. To be held at the Fredericton National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

## NEWFOUNDLAND

Nov. 2-3 — Carroll Baker and Eddie Eastman perform at the Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 4 — Anna McGoldrick and guests, Gander Arts & Culture Centre, Gander

Nov. 7-Dec. 9 — "Conrad Furey": acrylic paintings on the theme of the 1950s resettlement program in Newfoundland, at the Art Gallery, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John's

Nov. 8-Dec. 2 — "Don Wright": recent graphite drawings and relief sculpture, at the Art Gallery, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John's

Nov. 15-18 & 22-24 — *Fiddler on the Roof* will be performed at the Arts & Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 16-17 — Fourth Annual Craft Fair, Gander Arts & Culture Centre, Gander

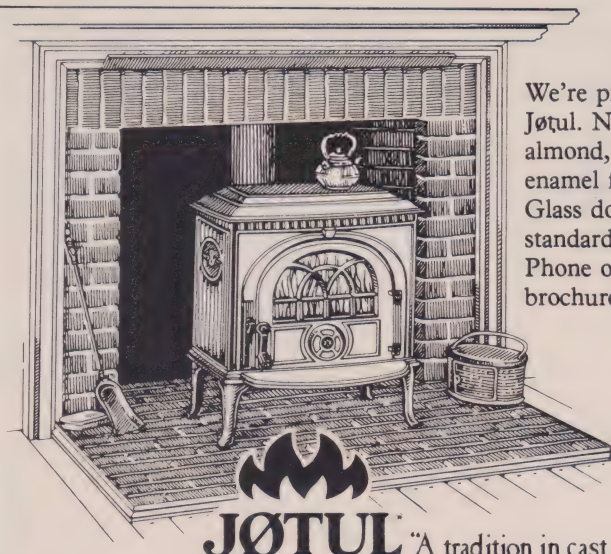
Nov. 23-27 — "CARNAL Mini Show": by Canadian Artists Representation Newfoundland and Labrador, at the Art Gallery, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John's

Nov. 27 — Anton Kuerti will give a piano performance at the Arts & Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 30 — *A Gift to Last* will be performed by the Rising Tide Theatre Group, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 30-Jan. 6 — "Gerard Brender à Brandis: Wood Engravings," at the Art Gallery, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John's

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## OLKS

**C**itizen **Bev Lawrence** has more roles than a Shakespearean actor. And he's got a costume and a voice for each. When he sits at the end of the council table as mayor of St. Andrews, N.B., with his chain of office around his neck, he's the diplomat or, as he puts it, "speaker of the house." At district school board meetings, he becomes "the aggressive lobbyist" determined to "put the *civil* back into civil servant." During the workweek, he's the dynamic

Lawrence: He wears many hats

English teacher at Fundy High School at St. George, N.B. Most Charlotte County residents know him best when he dons his 1920s felt hat, sets it at a rakish angle and starts his bidding patter at the annual Kiwanian auction. Bev Lawrence the auctioneer was a natural choice when St. Andrews decided to resurrect the ancient job of town crier — a job he assumed when the old Loyalist town began its year-long bicentennial celebrations in January 1983. Bev's period costume, carefully hand-stitched by his closest admirer, his wife Bernice, has become a St. Andrews trade mark, and not just in southwestern New Brunswick. In June 1983, Bev delivered bicentennial greetings to the then Governor-General Edward Schreyer; his efforts were so convincing that the Schreyers later paid a special visit to St. Andrews. Bev's biggest thrill came this past July, a few weeks after he was elected mayor, when he participated in the 700th International Gathering of Town Criers held in the tiny English town of Lyme Regis. He finished a close second to **Perry Wamback**, town crier for Shelburne, N.S. Their performances marked the first time the championship had left the British Isles. Ever the hometown booster, Bev took along 200 St. Andrews trade dollars. He says, "It was like carrying an anvil in my suitcase — but we had no trouble getting rid of them."

It's "amazing how constipated horses can get when they know you're watching them," jokes

CHARLES MASON

**Zoe Lucas.** The horses in question roam wild on Sable Island where Lucas has been doing environmental work for the last 10 years. One of her projects requires her to collect fresh fecal specimens from them for a parasite study being conducted by the Nova Scotia Agriculture College. Not a job everyone would relish, but Lucas enjoys the chance to observe these wild horses in their natural environment. This project is just a small part of the work she does. Since first coming to the island in 1974, Lucas has worked with harbour and grey seals, managed an ongoing sand dune restoration project and conducted studies on the

island's vegetation. Although her work is almost entirely scientific in nature, Lucas's formal education is in the arts. And her artistic abilities are not wasted on Sable Island. Many of her reports include her own illustrations. Her photographs have appeared in Bruce Armstrong's award-winning book on Sable Island as well as in her own book for children, *Wild Horses of Sable Island*. Most recently, she has been working on the text and illustrations for a wildlife guide to the Scotian Shelf for Mobil Oil. The opportunity to work on Sable Island has its price. There is no job security, and living conditions there are primitive. But for Lucas, it's a small price to pay. "When I was a kid, all I wanted to do was to be with wild horses and work with animals," says Lucas. "I feel comfortable on Sable Island," she adds, "the more I go there, the more comfortable I become."



Filliea: No ad man at heart

**W**orking as a commercial artist in Toronto and Montreal, **Scott Filliea**, 45, found himself drawing everything from wool to shoes. Everything, that is, but the things he wanted to draw — landscapes, abstracts and art reflecting the outpost life of his native Newfoundland. "The one thing that finally got to me," says Filliea, "was a salesman coming in and telling me how the Easter bunnies had to look. It was deadly serious for him. I decided I could never take my ad work that seriously. You have to be a firm believer or it shows!" It was an experience that prompted Filliea to re-enter university in order to study the art of the European masters; and, in 1971, to return to his home community of Roddickton, on the isolated west coast of the Great Northern Peninsula. Few people in Roddickton know quite what to make of their only resident full-time artist, but Filliea says that doesn't bother him much. "The move hasn't paid off financially," he says, "but it has meant a lot to me per-





sonally. There are things here that go right back to my childhood. Here, it's never a struggle to think what to do for subject matter. Usually, after I've sat down and drawn a few lines on a page, a subject will suggest itself." An allergy to oil paints forced Filliea to give up landscape painting in 1974. Undaunted, he turned to pen and ink drawing. "I don't seem to need a lot of outside motivation to do what I am doing," he says. "I'll see someone sitting around the house or watching television. I'll note the way they hold their hands or head, and later use what I saw in a drawing. I can appreciate the skill that goes into a more realistic approach, but I prefer to draw from memory. That way I don't get tangled up in details."

**W**e may be living in a throw-away society, and teenagers wouldn't be caught dead wearing a pair of conventional, leather-soled shoes in the eighties, but Currie's shoe repair business in Charlottetown is still going strong after more than 80 years at the same stand on Queen Street. **David Currie**, the third generation to operate the business opened by his grandfather Frank back in 1903, says things have changed a lot in the footwear business in the last 20 years.



RICHARD FURLONG

#### Currie: Continuing a family tradition

"Kids wear a lot of plastic stuff that doesn't last, and there has been quite a boom in the sneaker business for young people and adults. But we still manage about 600 jobs a week, and that's all shoes. We don't bother with other things like satchels and equipment bags." Currie, 46, went to work under his father, Vernon, and has been in the business now for 26 years. He says about 75 percent of today's work is on women's shoes, because fashionable women's shoes have not changed much over the years and because most women own several pair, which tend to need minor repairs frequently. But Currie's can still take a battered pair of men's shoes and

transform them into good, functional shoes with a repair job on soles and heels for \$22. This is an integral part of the business, and David Currie says he has a hard core of customers who have been coming to his shop for years to get the full treatment for their shoes. But times have changed in the shoe repair trade. Charlottetown had five or six shops doing shoe repairs in the 1950s, and almost every town and village had its own cobbler. Today, there are only two large-scale operations in the province, the other being in Summerside, so Currie's gets its customers from all over the central and eastern parts of Prince Edward Island. The shop employs three full-time people: David Currie, wife Myrna, and Joe Hennessey, who has been with the firm for more than 30 years. And when things get extra busy, two of David's sons are skilled enough to help with the workload, ensuring that the family tradition is being carried over into the fourth generation.

**T**he building that houses the Harness Shop in Sackville, N.B., is almost as much of an anachronism as the trade that is carried on within its four walls. Yet, in an age when horses are no longer used as work animals, the demand for the handmade draft horse collars in which the shop specializes continues to grow. It is this old-fashioned, handmade quality that is the secret of the Harness Shop's continuing survival. **Bill Long**, the main collar craftsman, painstakingly stuffs long rye straws into oval-shaped pouches of leather to make the collars for which the shop has gained a worldwide reputation. Collars made this way retain their form, whereas machine-made collars tend to lose their shape with everyday wear and tear. **Bonar Estabrooks**, who keeps the shop's books, took over 200 phone orders last year from places as far away as British Columbia, Oregon, California and Australia. **Paul Blakney**, a retired harness cutter, recalls the time they received a request from Lebanon. "They wanted to know the price of leather. Said it would be used for military purposes. So I got in touch with the Canadian government and they sent me a letter saying that they would appreciate it if we did not pursue the matter any further." "We always claimed to be the largest shop east of Montreal," says Blakney. "Personally, I do not know of any place making harness collars, though I have heard the Amish people near Waterloo in Ontario are making their own harnesses." The future of the shop seems to be assured. "There will always be a demand for harnesses as long as there are sportsmen," remarks Blakney. "And there are still people who want to use horses in the woods to haul out logs." To keep pace with the demand, five leather workers ply their trade at the Harness Shop. As Bonar Estabrooks observes, "If you want to work here you have to love two things: leather and horses."

**I**t was the talk of Pictou County. No one would have believed that such a thing could have happened in the very heart of New Scotland — Westville, N.S. — where loyalty to the old country and its traditions still live. To make matters worse, it was nothing less than the bagpipes themselves that sparked the uproar which many saw as an affront to all things Scottish. The incident took place when **Robert Dorie's** brother-in-law **Barry Sheer** came to visit. Sheer, a



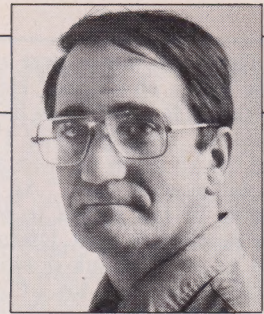
CHARLIE EASTMAN

#### Dorie: Ballyhoo over the bagpipes

champion bagpipe player, "takes his pipes with him wherever he goes," according to Dorie's daughter Bobbie. At the impromptu gathering, Sheer decided to give his rendition of a few tunes on the bagpipes, but what may have been music to his ears was definitely not appreciated by Dorie's neighbors. A police officer was dispatched to the house, where he advised Dorie that, unless the offending pipes were turned down, charges would be laid. When Dorie did not comply with the request, he was duly charged and ordered to appear in a New Glasgow, N.S., court. When the case came before Judge Russell MacEwan, it threatened to disrupt the decorum of the courtroom itself. Inquiring what Robert Dorie was charged with, Judge MacEwan was informed by Dorie's lawyer that it was "bagpipe music." This brought laughter. The judge wryly said, "The one who laid the charge must have been a Campbell." When Dorie's lawyer responded that the constable involved was indeed a Campbell, the courtroom audience was reduced to helpless laughter. Not even Judge MacEwan and the lawyers involved in the case were immune to the irony of the situation and they too joined in the laughter. Fortunately for the future of the bagpipes in Pictou County, the case was dismissed on a legal technicality. Besides, as Dorie points out, "it's hard to convict anyone for playing the bagpipes." As for Barry Sheer, he departed the shores of Nova Scotia to participate in a bagpipe competition in Scotland where, presumably, he found a more appreciative audience for his music.



# There's no refuge anywhere from diabolical fads



**S**orry," said the clerk at K-Mart, "but we haven't got one character lunch box left."

I hadn't asked for a character lunch box or a lunch box of character. Didn't know what a character lunch box was. But it was school-opening time, the salesperson had seen our two youngsters trailing behind me and knew it was character lunch boxes or nothing.

No self-respecting child would resume the march toward greater knowledge without "Mr. T" or some "Smurfs" or Michael Jackson on the side of its dinner pail.

Its parents wouldn't be caught without someone else's name . . . Calvin Klein or Gloria Vanderbilt . . . stamped across their backsides, so why should these innocent cherubs be deprived?

"Character" underdrawers and lunch boxes and various and sundry are nothing new. Did not the original Teddy Bear have connections to President Theodore Roosevelt and isn't the Mickey Mouse watch almost an antique? I went to school in an aviator cap looking like a dwarf "Lucky Lindy," and to church during World War II in a sailor suit, a direct challenge to the Hun.

What's different now is the constant stream of these gadgets and the ferocity with which parents and kinder alike go after them.

Those who were there say the great Hong Kong bank crash had nothing on Cabbage Patch door openings. People trample each other to get one of the brutes. I notice that Superman, of all people, strikes out against the immorality of it all in his recent daily comic strips.

The Man of Steel is a fine one to talk . . . although I wouldn't tug on his cape and tell him to his face. He suckered me into one of his kryptonite code rings when I was still in knee pants. It's like *Playboy* disparaging *Penthouse* for those snaps of the former Miss America.

What else is different (at least in Newfoundland) is the speed with which these fads reach us now.

We had to wait nearly a year for a Davy Crockett coonskin cap. Later, it took hula hoops six months or more to reach these shores. Now, *Ghostbusters* is on the screen almost before the *Time* magazine review arrives.

Before TV, the mail-order catalogues whipped up the demand. Eaton's and Simpson's instilled covetousness into our black little hearts. Christmas was shot to hell if there wasn't a Barbara Ann Scott dolly under the tree or a "Punkinhead"

teddy in the stocking.

One year the catalogues ganged up and brought forth something of a miracle among us pubertal bucks. It rigged us out in flaming pink. Both Simpson's and Eaton's decreed that charcoal black and searing pink were the colors for anyone reeking of brylcreem and we took it down, hook, line and sinker.

It's television, though, that whips today's tiny tots into a froth of lusty consumption. If I never see a bloody Smurf again for as long as I live I won't be too heartbroken. Mister T and Michael Jackson can jump each other into slushy puddles and I won't lie awake chewing the sheets.

But, gag me with a Care Bear, the most diabolical contraption of all time is that thing sometimes known as the "ghetto blaster." When the transistor radio first

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*"What's different now is the constant stream of these gadgets and the ferocity with which parents and kinder alike go after them"*

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came in, I signed a petition to reopen hostilities against Japan. Yet they were as baby poops to elephant flatulence compared to the latest earhole crucifiers.

Big as weekend suitcases with dinner-plate speakers spewing aural cyanide, these are loud enough to blast twigs off the trees and make their owners' blackheads pulsate. It should be legal to chuck rocks at them.

Trends reach Newfoundland almost immediately these days, but a small, isolated city like St. John's sometimes finds the burden a weighty one to bear.

Bars, for instance. Fern, macho, wine, gay, piano, bistro — they're all here but for want of custom, two or more "themes" have to be combined in one. You could be tickled by both the ferns and the patrons in a single hootchery.

Quiche has been here and has just about had it, but phasing it out for a shot at the sushi is a chancy business. Jello wrestling had its day, but when Miss K-9 and her Great Dane arrived from Montreal to fill the void, the pious element in the city denied her access.

Windsurfers are few and far between; there used to be a mechanical bull, but

it's long since shot its nuts and bolts; fake crab landed this summer, but the package tasted better.

Video arcades rose and fell. Video tapes are now the rage, but several outlets have been pounced on for pornography. Miss K-9 of Montreal tried to get in the back way.

It's also a small and isolated population that counters trends here. Ersatz punks, let us say, easily blend in with all the other curios on Yonge Street. In St. John's they'd merely be taken for baymen, which would ruin the whole point of it.

On the other hand, I recently heard of the case of a large woman from, let us say, Kumquat Quay, home on furlough from Camp Gagetown. She was dickied up in full leathers, spiked orange hair and a safety pin through her cheek. That took guts, you may think, but her reception in the village was remarkable.

Her dear old dad boasted pridefully that she would frighten the spit out of any Rooshian yet born, and her granny laughed so hard she had to be sedated.

It's still the middle-class trends that find fertile soil in this neck of the woods. Last year, for instance, three parts of the womenfolk dressed in a grubby sort of purple, about the shade of a black eye on the fourth day. At the decree of the catalogues and the chain stores, they perambulate this year in a gruesome combination of magenta and turquoise.

This is not to say we have no couth. This summer, *Esquire* told us that the "in" tippie in the States was the Mimosa, a mix of orange juice and champagne. No sooner said than I saw it on the menu of a downtown hash house alongside the grilled cheese and the hot turkey sandwiches.

But back to the kiddies' corner. Our two primary scholars set off to school with plain-old generic lunch boxes, their own names written on the sides. I was sure they'd be mocked, jeered and perhaps set upon, so I gave them a quick course in defence — which part of their assailant, according to gender, to put the boots to, and all that.

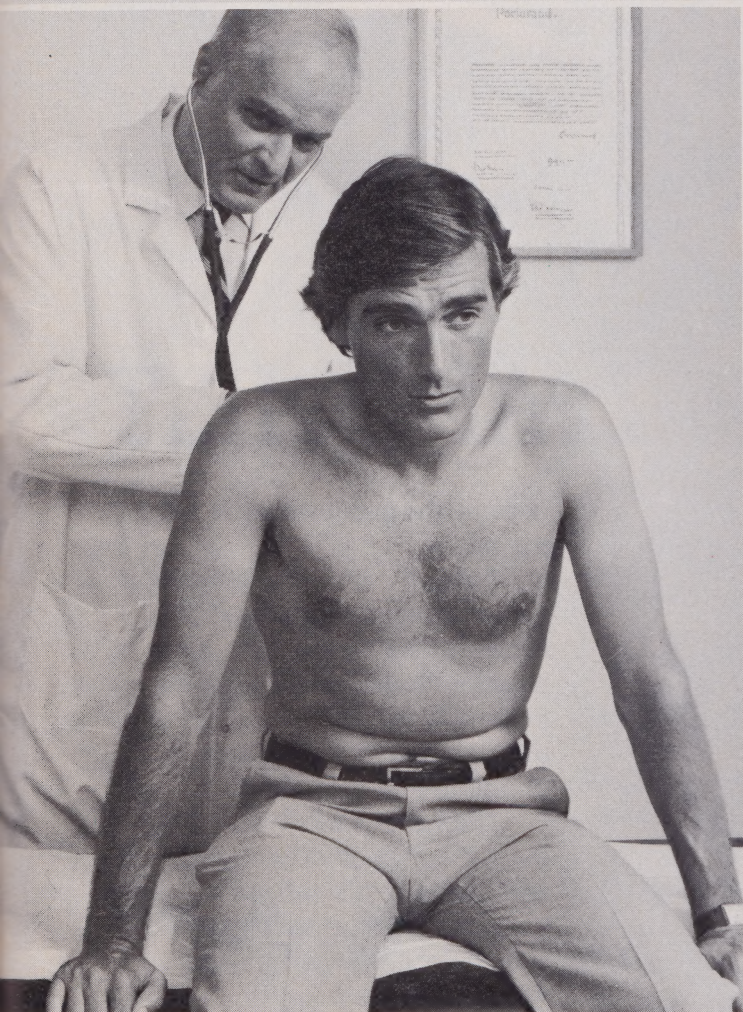
No such thing. When I collected them that day they were much enthused and greatly impressed with daddy's eye for fashion. Their unique lunch buckets were widely admired and some of their little pals begged to know where they could be had.

Well, like, gag me with a Smurfette, have I started another fad?





IF YOU GO  
TO YOUR DOCTOR  
FOR MEDICAL ADVICE,  
WHO DO YOU GO TO  
FOR FINANCIAL ADVICE?



YOUR INVESTORS  
PERSONAL  
FINANCIAL PLANNER



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# THE CANADIAN SPIRIT



Glenbow Archives

There was a time when men paddled birchbark canoes down the turbulent Thompson River.

Men with a vision and a dream exploring what was to

become the greatest country in the world.

Today, the river challenges men and women in inflatable rubber rafts running the white boulder-choked water, hopping from eddy to eddy, then slipping through narrow chutes and plunging over small falls.

Then afterwards – enjoying the warmth of an evening fire with new friends and companions with whom they have shared the exhilarating white water experience.

That's the spirit.

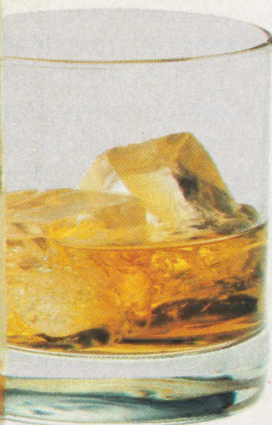
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